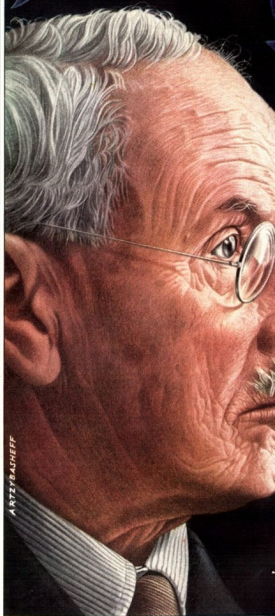


TWENTY CENTS

THE

THE WEEKLY



ARTZ/BAHNEFF

\$6.00 A YEAR



Inside Story

of gracious living at sea

If the word "stateroom" automatically makes you pull in your elbows and duck your head—take a good look at this spacious First Class apartment on the great s.s. UNITED STATES. Every stateroom has individual climate control, its own world-wide telephone service, more than usual drawer and closet space.

You'll be pampered by a service staff of 800, many with 25 years or more of experience at sea. You'll enjoy the finest American and Continental cuisine, see pre-release films, dance to famous Meyer Davis orchestras... and be in Europe in less than 5 short days.

S.S. UNITED STATES

World's fastest, most modern liner sails from New York 12 noon, arrives Havre early morning 5th day, Southampton same afternoon: Feb. 18*, Mar. 8*, Mar. 24*, Apr. 9*, Apr. 27 and regularly thereafter. First Class \$350 up; Cabin \$220 up; Tourist \$165 up. *Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day

S.S. AMERICA

Sails from New York to Coln in 5½ days, 6¼ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven: Mar. 3, Mar. 25, Apr. 15, May 5 and regularly thereafter. First Class \$295 up; Cabin \$200 up; Tourist \$160 up.

CONSULT OUR AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENTS OR

United States Lines

One Broadway, New York 4, N. Y. Tel: Digby 4-5800

NO FINER FOOD AND SERVICE AFLOAT OR ASHORE



Offices also in: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D. C.

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

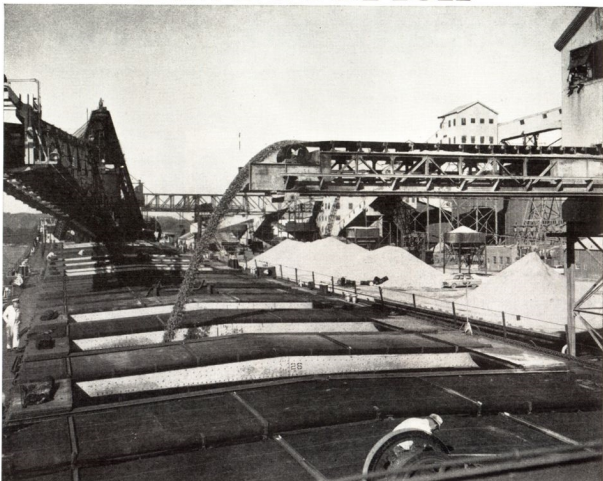


Photo courtesy Construction Aggregates Corp., Chicago, Ill.

A rubber gangplank for tomorrow's turnpike

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THAT's wet, sharp gravel being loaded on a ship. With millions of tons needed for new highways, gravel must be handled at low cost. A conveyor belt to shipside was the fastest and cheapest way.

But the wearing avalanche of 2800 tons an hour dumped on the belt cut and tore the rubber cover, broke the fabric reinforcement. Then engineers suggested a B. F. Goodrich cord belt. It is built with cords, running lengthwise, held in place by rubber. When heavy loads hit this belt it "gives"—absorbs the shock instead of fighting

it. The rubber in the belt is so tough it can stand the cuts and gouges of millions of sharp edges. When this picture was taken, the B. F. Goodrich cord belt had carried more than 14 million tons, had lasted longer than any belt ever used by the company, and still looked good for years more.

Product improvement like this is *always* going on at B. F. Goodrich. New ways are constantly being found to make conveyor belts, V belts, hose, all sorts of products work better, last longer. No product is ever regarded as "finished" or standardized.

How this cuts your costs: Because of these improvements and because B. F. Goodrich is one company that will *never* lower its quality standards, you can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you specify B. F. Goodrich. To find out about the latest improvements in the rubber products your company uses, call your B. F. Goodrich distributor or write The B. F. Goodrich Co., Dept. M-370, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION

the informed man wears

'BOTANY' '500' *tailored by* **DAROFF**

he knows how to get maximum quality

...for the minimum cost!

There goes a man who knows how to dress...
That's the impression people get when you wear 'BOTANY' '500' Clothing, tailored by DAROFF—because 'BOTANY' '500' gives you the maximum in enduring quality and good looks for the minimum cost.

Ready now, is the new Daroff-tailored "Natural Look" in new fabrics, colors and styling like the 100% ALL WOOL FLANNEL SUIT to the right. See it now in flattering, new charcoal shades of unusual richness and distinction. \$65

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Fire-Fly Worsteds...
Rich color accents on deep-toned, 2-ply, 100% virgin worsteds. Also in a new REVERSE-TWIST weave. \$65



Topcoats... in a selection of fine fabrics giving you the widest possible choice, from \$59.50



The Informed Man checks the "BOTANY" "500" X-RAY TAG for the facts that reveal hidden features that make these America's outstanding clothing values.

For the name of your nearest dealer, write:
H. Daroff & Sons, Inc.,
200 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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BENNETT CERF, Publisher, Columnist, and TV Panelist:

"In a few minutes Music-Appreciation Records taught me more about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony than I learned in a month in a course at college!"

— SATURDAY REVIEW



HIGH-FIDELITY

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

... to help you understand music better
and enjoy it more

ON ONE SIDE

You hear a full performance of a great musical work, featuring orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction. You listen to the performance first, or afterward, and then...

ALL TOO FREQUENTLY, most of us are aware, we do not listen to good music with due understanding and appreciation. Our minds wander and we realize afterward that we have missed most of the beauties of the work. There is no doubt about the reason: we are not primed in advance about what to listen for. MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—sensibly, by auditory demonstration.

YOU HEAR MUSIC AS THE GREAT CONDUCTORS HEAR IT

On the podium they have in mind at every moment the various themes of the work, their interplay and development, and the main architectural features of the composition. This combined aesthetic and intellectual pleasure is what every music-lover can now acquire through MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS. This enjoyable form of self-education can be as thorough as the Music-Appreciation courses given in many universities.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT

A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD will be issued — for subscribers only — every month. Ultimately all the great masterpieces of music will be included. The announcement about each forthcoming record will be written by Deems Taylor.

After reading this descriptive essay you may take the record or not, as you decide at the time. You are not obligated as a subscriber to take any specified number of records.

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS AT A RELATIVELY LOW COST

All MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS will be high-fidelity, long-playing records of the highest quality—33½ R.P.M. on Vinylite. They will be of two kinds: first, a so-called Standard Record—a twelve-inch disc—which will present the performance on one side, the analysis on the other. This will be sold at \$3.60. The other will be an Analysis-Only Record—a ten-inch disc—priced at \$2.40. The latter will be made available each month for any subscriber who may already have a satisfactory long-playing record of the work being presented.

TRY IT ONE-MONTH — NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE

Why not make a simple trial, to see if these records are as pleasurable and as enlightening as you may anticipate? The first record, BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY, will be sent to you at once—at no charge. You may end the subscription immediately after hearing this record—and keep it with our compliments—or you may cancel any time thereafter.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

You hear an illuminating analysis of the music with the themes and other main features played separately with running explanatory comment, so that you learn what to listen for.

As a demonstration

WILL YOU ACCEPT
WITHOUT CHARGE

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony

A New High-Fidelity Recording by the LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Norman Del Mar, Conductor • Analysis by Thomas Scherman

YOU HAVE HEARD this great work countless times—what have you heard in it? And what may you have failed to hear? This demonstration will be a revelation of how much MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS can help you to a deeper understanding of music.



PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A RECORD PLAYER WHICH CAN PLAY 33½ R. P. M. LONG-PLAYING RECORDS.

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

R22-2

Please send me at once the first MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, without charge, and enter my name in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS, under the conditions stated above. It is understood that, as a subscriber, I am not obligated to buy any specified number of records, and may take only those I want. Also, I may cancel this subscription after hearing this first record, or any time thereafter at my pleasure, but the introductory record is free in any case.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAR 7



Only STEEL

Fresh Air Design. That startling building is a *parking garage*. The walls are made from over 11 miles of USS Stainless Steel strand, held tight under 1000 lbs. tension with American Quality Springs. The strand prevents cars from rolling overboard, and makes this garage one of the most beautiful buildings in Chicago.

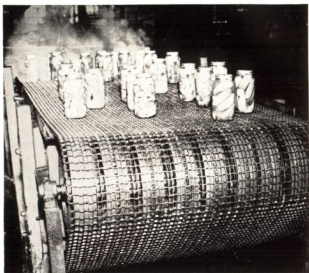


Portable Steam. It's actually a steam radiator, but you can move it to any room and plug it into any wall socket for fast, even fume-free heat. The radiator is made entirely from USS Steel. As a result, the unit is light and strong; and it heats up 4 times faster than a comparable heavyweight iron radiator.

can do so many jobs so well



Tomorrow's Sirloin Steak needs a square meal today. In the South, many farmers treat their pastures with USS Basic Slag—a high phosphorus, high-lime by-product of U. S. Steel's southern steel-making process. Basic Slag encourages the growth of thick, rich pasture grass.



Hot Pickles. Those bottled pickles are taking their last ride on a USS Cyclone flat wire conveyor belt. Notice the open mesh that allows heat and steam to escape. Cyclone makes all types of conveyor belts, including types that can actually curve and go around sharp corners.



Going, Going, but not gone are the wonderful old steam locomotives that raise the wanderlust in every child. About one third of all the locomotives in this nation are still powered by steam, and a high percentage of them rely on USS National Seamless Boiler Tubes. The tubes are pierced from solid billets of steel. They frequently last for half a million miles of operation.

See The United States Steel Hour.

It's a full-hour TV program presented every other week by United States Steel. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



UNITED STATES STEEL

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

For further information on any product mentioned in this advertisement, write United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN BRIDGE...AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE and CYCLONE FENCE...COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL...CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL...GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING...NATIONAL TUBE OIL WELL SUPPLY...TENNESSEE COAL & IRON...UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS...UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY...Divisions of UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH
UNITED STATES STEEL HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

5-84

Publick notice

IN the conviction that you Gentlemen know how AGE enhances the nobility of Scotch Whisky and that you appreciate same, our House imports the two supreme examples of Scottish distillers' skill: 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. Both to be had at fine spirit shops, taverns, private clubs and the like.

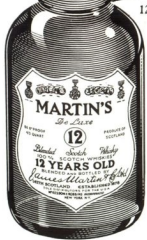
—Respectfully,
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
New York, N. Y., importers thereof

Blended
Scotch
Whiskies

20 years old
86.8 proof



12 years old
86.8
proof



LETTERS

Yugoslav Heretic

Sir:

... Mr. Ed Clark, your correspondent in Belgrade, came to see me for an interview. I told him that I had nothing further to add than had already been published in the *London Times*... Mr. Clark's interview, as reported in your story [Jan. 10], repeats statements made by me in the *London Times*, but also [makes] statements which I did not make.

VLADIMIR DEDIJER

Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Q TIME Correspondent Ed Clark, who has known Dedijer since wartime days, stands by his interview, but understands why Dedijer (since given six months suspended sentence for "a criminal act of hostile propaganda") did not.—ED.

The Upper Colorado

SIR:

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON BEING THE FIRST MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL CIRCULATION WILLING AND INTERESTED ENOUGH TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT THE UPPER COLORADO RIVER STORAGE PROJECT [JAN. 31]. YOUR FACTS STAND OUT IN BOLD CONTRAST TO THE EMOTIONAL MISREPRESENTATION SPREAD AROUND THE COUNTRY BY THE PSEUDO-CONSERVATIONISTS AND WATER-GREEDY CALIFORNIA INTERESTS.

WILLIAM B. SMART

DESERT "NEWS-TELEGRAM"

SALT LAKE CITY

Atheism on the Air

Sir:

Three cheers for Mrs. Margaret Knight and her BBC trilogy on scientific humanism and "Morals Without Religion" [TIME, Jan. 24]. A breath of humanistic fresh air would do a world of good in our country, where the traditional orthodoxes have made a farce of morality...

EDD DOERR

Indianapolis

Sir:

... No doubt, Mrs. Knight must belong to the school that believes our ancestors were apes (if Christ is a legend, what else can you believe?), that our world came

into being from revolving gaseous matter. Now if she could explain who put the swirling gas into existence, I might discover a grain of truth in her fantastic statements.

EDWARD W. VERBA

Campbell, Ohio

Sir:

I don't criticize the BBC for carrying Mrs. Knight's broadcasts, for she has a right to say what she will. Christianity has survived far worse dangers, and if she gives us an incentive to defend our faith, so much the better.

MARY MURPHY

Indianapolis

The Case of Leo Frank

Sir:

Re the lynching of Leo Frank, as recounted in your Jan. 24 story, "A Political Suicide": You mentioned that Leo Frank was a Jew; however, you failed to state that the strongest factor in the incitement to lynch was antisemitism. I saw with my own eyes some of the handbills circulated in Atlanta at the time of the trial... Hate was mongered against all the Jews in town... My father was a Jew, living in Atlanta then. He endured the atrocity of the lynchers' parade past his very own door on that fateful night...

The annals of history will echo this sin against God and his creatures unto eternity... May the memory of Governor John M. Slaton be a blessing to all who mourn his passing.

HERMAN RUSS

Dayton

Sir:

... Why this dislike of the South? Whenever True can die at anything Southern, it doesn't miss a shot... Your article on Governor Slaton's death was only an excuse for publishing the incident about the lynching of Frank. Most of us would be glad to forget it.

WM. T. SEIBELS

Montgomery, Ala.

Sir:

... There is no better illustration of racial prejudice... than an incident as the mob began gathering before Slaton's home, immediately after his courageous commutation of Frank's death sentence became known. Albert R. Israel, for many years one

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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Of course it's annoying to have electric fuses blow. But putting in oversize fuses doesn't solve the problem. It creates a worse problem—the danger of setting your house on fire. Frequent blowing of fuses usually is a warning that you have added more appliances than the wiring can carry safely. Get at the root of the trouble. Have your wiring checked by an electrician.

This advertisement is one of a series in the interest of fire prevention.

Reprints will be furnished without charge upon request.



AETNA INSURANCE GROUP

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY • THE WORLD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO.
THE CENTURY INDEMNITY COMPANY • STANDARD INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DON'T GUESS ABOUT INSURANCE—CONSULT YOUR AGENT OR BROKER

Homeowners! Combine Your Policies and Save

Every homeowner needs these four basic policies: fire and extended coverage insurance on house—fire insurance on household property— theft insurance—personal liability insurance. The new Aetna Homeowners policy gives you all four coverages in one convenient policy. You save money. You get broad protection. For example, the policy pays for loss on your dwelling or contents caused by fire, windstorm, explosion and numerous other perils. Ask your local agent.

THINK FIRST OF THE AETNA



Some people never seem to grow old! They've discovered the secret of dynamic leisure...new or recaptured skills that re-kindle youth.

it's more than an organ... it's a Fountain of Youth!

The moment your fingers touch the keyboard of this Baldwin Orga-sonic Spinnet Organ, music becomes yours. It is designed for people like you...no gadgets, no "system" to learn, yet a complete organ that gives you the full range of thrillingly authentic organ tones as well as orchestra and dance band in one home-size instrument.

Thousands of people who "never had time for music" are recapturing lost years, finding relaxation, inspiration, companionship through interest and proficiency in music re-kindled only by the Baldwin Orga-sonic Spinnet Organ.

THE BALDWIN Orga-sonic SPINET ORGAN

Your Baldwin Dealer will show you how easy the Orga-sonic is to play...and how easy it is to own. As little down as \$148.50. Make music yours. Mail coupon now or see your Baldwin Dealer...today.

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Builders of: Baldwin, Acrosonic and Hamilton Pianos
Baldwin and Orga-sonic Organs

Baldwin Piano Company
Organ Division, Dept. T-25
Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Please send me FREE booklet:
"MORE PLEASURE FROM LEISURE"
and name of nearest Baldwin dealer.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

of the most widely known Associated Press men in the South, was then a member of its Atlanta staff. When word came that the mob was assembling, Israel set sail for the scene with this parting admonition: "Fellows, if you want to get in touch with me, I'll be at the so-and-so drugstore at 9 o'clock, but if you telephone, for God's sake don't ask for Israel. Ask for Mr. O'Leary!"

DUDLEY HADDOCK

Sarasota, Fla.

Sir:

When I was a child in Alabama, I remember hearing ignorant country minstrels strum guitars and sing:

*Little Mary Phagan
She went to town one day.
She went to the pencil factory
To get her weekly pay.*

Until I read your article, I had never heard the name Leo Frank. What does this mean? It means that sympathy for the victim reached even to the children, but any hate or prejudice—intimated by your article—was interred "under the pines"...

BEN R. AUSTIN

New York City

Okaying Miss K

Sir:

Congratulations on the fine article [Jan. 31] on Grace Kelly. I am very glad to know she has a mind of her own as far as her career and the publicity involved are concerned. Hollywood has miscast and ruined Greer Garson... Deborah Kerr will probably be in the same boat soon... and Audrey Hepburn will probably be playing in something called *The Eleanor Roosevelt Story* before long. But it looks as if Miss K can take care of herself...

ELIDA DEBEVOISE

Northampton, Mass.

Jumbo-Package Jargon

Sir:

As a linguist and etymologist, I do sympathize with the editors of *America* in their outcry against the corruption of the English language by the advertising agencies [TIME, Jan. 24]. I feel, though, that Father Davis has overlooked the deeper meaning of the old fairy tale of *Rumpelstiltskin* and the old rule that "the baby has to have a name." The excesses of the advertisers are merely proof that the Biblical injunction to Adam that he give names to the things of the earth is getting harder every day...

ERNEST N. KIRRMANN

East Northfield, Mass.

Sir:

Can the excitable Rev. Thurston N. Davis, S.J. produce a U.S. family where the wife invites her husband to "make yourself comfortable, dear, in your slipper-gripper Mistle toes," or tells the children, "jump into your perma-sized skijamas, kids, while I make you some Dagwitches with diced cream and superfection strawberries?" Can he find a poor speller among those same children, who, doing his homework, writes "kar-pokits" or "kon-veen-yunt?" If so, the cross-pollinating Madison Avenue ad men would turn hand-springs...

KAY GROVE

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

What Father Davis calls "verbal bacilli" seem to be signs that the old "language of Chaucer and Churchill" still has plenty of life in it. They may seem vulgar to some delicate minds, but to me they are interesting, hilarious, and even educating... sure



PREDICTION...

the **VISCOUNT**
will change your travel habits!

Once you've flown the Viscount — world's first turbo-prop airliner — you'll never want to travel any other way. Its four powerful Rolls-Royce engines make the Viscount exceptionally fast and pleasantly free from disturbing noise and vibration.

The Viscount will be serving Capital cities soon.
Be among the first to enjoy this new concept in flight.



Powered by



ROLLS-ROYCE

Capital
AIRLINES

ESTERBROOK DESK SET WITH

The Pen That Fills Itself

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE*

A truly amazing desk set with a pen that automatically fills itself from a giant ink-fountain in the base. And it's so good, it is guaranteed to please you!

- ▶ Finger grip never touches ink. No chance for ink to touch you.
- ▶ Point instantly interchangeable and renewable.
- ▶ Fountain-base "ink-locked" against accidental spillage. Only the pen unlocks the ink. Writes full page or more without redipping.
- ▶ Fountain-base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen. Won't leak. Won't flood. Easy to clean as a saucer.

*30-DAY MONEY BACK TRIAL OFFER

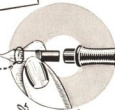
Your regular stationer will be glad to let you try one of these fine Self-Filling Desk Pens on your own desk for 30 days with the understanding you can return it for a full refund if you are not completely satisfied with it.



MODEL 444

Choose

the right point for the way you write...by number...



TO SELECT OR REPLACE
...HERE'S ALL YOU DO
MORE THAN 30 POINT STYLES

2668 General writing
2550 Bookkeeping
9314M Medium stub
2442 Fine Stub
9550 Extra Fine
9668 General writing
2284 Signature Stub

Esterbrook

DESK
PEN
SETS

THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY, CAMDEN 1, NEW JERSEY

The Esterbrook Pen Company of Canada, Ltd.
92 Fleet Street, East, Toronto, Ontario

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THE ESTERBROOK
PEN COMPANY

signs that American culture is still far from stagnation. It doesn't make any difference whether the birth of a word is midwived by a learned lexicographer or a slapdash advertising man . . .

ANDRE BAIDINS

New Brunswick, N.J.

New Esophagus

Sir:

Re TIME's Jan. 17 story on young Mike Stansberry's operation: the Molly Mayfield Foundation, which was established as a non-profit trust fund by our columnist on the Rocky Mountain News, heard of a little boy in Sterling, Colo. whose esophagus had been seriously burned by lye. The foundation [arranged] for payment of all fees involved in the rare type of surgery necessary. The operation was performed successfully and TIME published an excellent piece, [but] there was no mention of the Mayfield Foundation or of the Rocky Mountain News. We had hoped . . . that our role would be noted . . .

JACK FOSTER
Editor

Rocky Mountain News
Denver

Sir:

Please keep us posted on young Mike's progress.

C. R. ROUGHGARDEN JR.

Bellerose, N.Y.

☐ Mike, still in hospital, is doing fine, taking all food through his new esophagus. Favorite drink: chocolate milk. —Ed.

For Marilyn Karenina

Sir:

Re Director Billy Wilder's suggested sequels to Marilyn Monroe's proposed movie, *The Brothers Karamazov* [Jan. 24]: Would Wilder care to collaborate on a song for Marilyn called *Just Write Me Karamazov, Baby, 'Cause That's Where I Will Be*?

ROBERT D. KEMPNER

New York City

The Senators from Oregon (Contd.)

Sir:

With reference to your Morseberger story [Jan. 17]: You relate that President Roosevelt, on a trip to Puget Sound (during the senatorial campaign in 1944), gave me a verbal message to relate to Republican Candidate Wayne Morse. This story is completely false. I never met President Roosevelt. Moreover, I probably was *persona non grata* with him, for he knew me to be a disciple of the late Major General Charles H. Martin, former governor of Oregon, who was purged for his anti-New Deal crusade . . .

EDGAR W. SMITH

Portland, Ore.

☐ TIME had the right story but the wrong Democratic candidate; it was Democrat Willis Mahoney. —Ed.

Social Climbing Rose

Sir:

Re the proposal by Senator Margaret Chase Smith and Representative Frances Bolton to make the rose our national flower [TIME, Jan. 24]: Why should the rose be chosen as the national flower, when it is not even indigenous to the U.S.? . . . Perhaps Mesdames Smith and Bolton are not up on their botany and world horticulture. Let's not make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world! . . . And why a national flower?

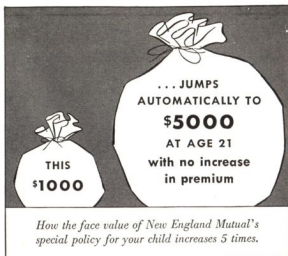
A. E. SMITH

New York City

What in the world could you do for your child to equal this?

Remarkable
life insurance policy
**JUMPS 5 TIMES IN
FACE VALUE AT AGE 21**
— but the premium
remains the same

*Available only for children
between 1 and 15 years of age*



Whether you are parent or grandparent — if you want to do something exceptional for a child you love, you should consider this JUNIOR ESTATE BUILDER policy offered by New England Mutual. The day will come when he may well consider it the most important gift of his life.

Every \$1000 of this life insurance that you buy for the child now will assure him of \$5000 worth at age 21 — with no increase in premium, and with no further proof of insurability.

The 5-time jump in face value is automatic. The annual premium never changes throughout the life of the policy.

Consider that there are a number of occupations a young man might choose which would substantially increase the cost of his life insurance. Consider also the possibility of a youngster later developing a health impairment that could automatically make him uninsurable.

With this remarkable New England Mutual plan you *guarantee* your child substantial life insurance protection as he takes on grown-up responsibilities. With it, you also provide important cash values for education or for emer-

gencies later in life. New England Mutual's liberal dividends add materially to these values.

Your youngster is now at the life insurance bargain counter. The sooner you buy, the lower the rate. Where could you ever find a gift for a child that would equal this?

FOR INFORMATION by mail SEND COUPON

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
P. O. Box 333-2T, Boston 17, Mass.

Please MAIL me, without obligation, information about your new JUNIOR ESTATE BUILDER policy.

Name

Address

Child's Age

The **NEW ENGLAND**



MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company of Boston

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The Inside Story of the that are Standard Equip

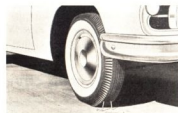
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Blowouts Practically Eliminated

With the new Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body, the new Safety-Liner and Tubeless Construction, damage which might cause a blowout in a conventional tire merely causes a slow leak in the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire, giving you plenty of time to bring your car to a safe, straight-line stop, even from high speeds. This tire is so strong and the tread so tough that it gives protection even against terrific impacts.



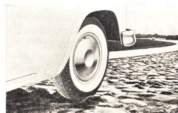
Seals Punctures Against Air Loss

If a nail or any other sharp object should possibly penetrate the extra-tough tread and cord body, the Safety-Liner, which is inseparably welded to the inside of the tire body, grips the nail and prevents loss of air, thereby minimizing the danger and annoyance of punctures. You can keep on going until you have time to have the nail removed and the tire repaired at a service station. No need to change tires on the highway.



Hushes Squeal, Whine and Hum

The Silent Safety-Grip Tread is scientifically designed for quiet running. Instead of adding stabilizers to the tread as an "after thought," the outer grooves are stabilized by the elements of the tread itself, thereby eliminating the cause of squealing on turns. Furthermore, the traction elements in the tread overlap each other, which prevents annoying whining and humming on the road, even on wet pavements and on wet brick.



Something New in Riding Comfort

The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire absorbs bumps and road shocks which conventional tires transmit to the frame and body of the car and thus to you and your passengers. It provides a super-soft cushion of rubber and air which helps smooth out even the roughest roads. It makes steering easier . . . and it has an extra-tough Curb Rib which protects white sidewalls against damage and scuffing and preserves the beauty of the tire.



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The new Silent Safety-Grip Tread provides greater protection against skidding and side-slips and greater traction than any other tire on the market except, of course, special winter tires. The tread elements are scientifically-angled for maximum skid-resistance in all directions and for utmost traction. The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire has more inches of non-skid edges than any other tire of similar type and price.



Most Miles Per Dollar

Every part of this amazing new tire is built for long, trouble-free mileage. The Silent Safety-Grip Tread is made of extra-tough, wear-resistant rubber. It is road-level flat for maximum contact with the road and utmost mileage. The Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body is locked or "set" so that it cannot expand or "grow" and cause the tread to crack and separate, thereby ruining the tire. It is so strong it can be retreaded again and again.

The New Firestone

STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON THE NEW 1955 CARS

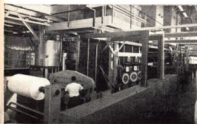
New **TUBELESS TIRES** ment on the **1955 Cars**

OWNERS WITH TUBELESS TIRES AT NO EXTRA COST

A NEW day has dawned for the car owners of America! Tubeless tires are now standard equipment on all of the new 1955 cars at **NO EXTRA COST**. Until now, tubeless tires have always sold at premium prices. But Firestone, after years of research and after investing many millions of dollars in engineering, in facilities and in new equipment, showed the industry how to build them to sell at the price of a conventional tire and tube.

Yes, Firestone, the Pioneer and Pacemaker, has done it again. The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire at the price of a conventional tire and tube takes its place with the first non-skid tread, the first straight-side tire, the first balloon tire and many other Firestone "firsts" as a notable contribution to automotive safety, comfort and economy.

If you buy a 1955 model car, have it delivered on Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires. Or, if you continue to drive your present car you can have it equipped with Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires, without changing your present wheels or rims, at your nearby Firestone dealer or store and get a generous allowance for the unused mileage in your present tires.



This is the only complete cord treating factory of its kind in the world. In it, the cord used in the bodies of Firestone tires is Gum-Dipped and Safety-Tensioned to "set" the cord so it cannot expand when it gets hot from fast driving, causing the tread to crack and separate from the tire body. Safety-Tensioning and Gum-Dipping were originated by Firestone. No other tires can give you this extra safety feature.

*Also available for use with tube.



*** DELUXE CHAMPION**
Tubeless Tires

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an atmosphere of security and confidence is radiated by the dignity and comfort of Lees Glowluft installed by Hunt Carpet Company in the service areas of The First National Bank of Omaha. Customers are attracted by the quiet air of friendliness that Lees Carpets give.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> beauty, comfort | <input type="checkbox"/> employee loyalty |

In installation after installation by progressive businesses, big and small, Lees Carpets have contributed importantly to the success factors listed above. Among the thousands of companies for which Lees Carpets function for profit and growth are: Hudson's Northland Store, Detroit; Lever House, New York City; Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago; Pennsylvania Railroad, Burlington Railroad, United States Steamship Lines, United Airlines; and motels, offices, restaurants, small shops and stores everywhere.

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profits go up when maintenance costs go down. Lees Carpets protect merchandise from wear and breakage, clean easily and inexpensively with simple vacuuming, add safety, reduce insurance costs.



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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Roy Alexander

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Dear Time-Reader

Columnist Bill Gold, of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*, recently reported that he had discovered an unusual system of reading TIME which is used by Charles E. Randall of McLean, Va.:

ONE of the many periodicals Charlie reads is *TIME*. . . Charlie is practically a charter subscriber and has been a devoted reader for many years. Unfortunately, however, he has difficulty keeping current. There are too many things to read, and not enough hours in the day. . . When a new issue of *TIME* arrives, he doesn't even crack it open for a peek. No sir. He just puts it in its proper place with the other unread issues that have piled up, and keeps right on plodding along with the copy he was engrossed in at the moment. In short, he's going to read his *TIME* chronologically, or not at all.

Currently, Charlie has a closet full of issues that he hasn't caught up with yet. He's just started reading *August of 1944*, from which he learns that Allied forces are making a daring thrust for Paris. Hitler, at this point, is in a fury over the plot to assassinate him, and has begun a purge of top-rank Nazis.

Charlie no doubt wonders how all this is going to turn out. Little does he know that in the next issue the Allies will land in the south of France to launch a pincer movement against the retreating Germans . . . My advice to Charlie is to take my heart. I predict that by the end of the month we'll be in complete control of Paris, Marseille will capitulate, Bulgaria will petition for an armistice, and Rumania will surrender and switch to the Allied side. . . . Stalin, Mikhoel and Dieppe fall, the Russians will take over the entire Ploesti oilfields.

Here at home, the War Production Board will erupt as Charles E. (Electric Charlie) Wilson and Donald M. Nelson bring their long-standing feud to a head. And Sidney J. Weinberg, WPB vice-chairman assigned to the job of making peace between them, will also quit in disgust. Charlie will be pleased to know that Governor Thomas E. Dewey will conduct a stirring campaign as the Republican nominee for President.

Randall might also be interested to know that on Aug. 16, TIME took a full-page ad in the *Washington Post* to advertise a statement by Leon Henderson: "Cut down on corporation taxes after the war?" asked Leon. "I'd cut 'em out."

But I'm not going to be a killjoy and spoil your reading, Subscriber Randall. You just go right ahead with what you were doing. And if you come across any clues as to what happened to that "lasting peace" we were working on during '44, please let me hear from you at once.

According to Columnist Gold, TIME Reader Randall did get in touch with him a few days later, not to report discovery of the "lasting peace," but to say that after the column appeared, so many of his friends had kidded him about his reading habits of TIME that he actually peeked at the current issue. His reaction: What a wonderful preview of the future!

James A. Liner



Your family deserves the finest television—Magnavox!

Television is so important to your family that it is folly to buy any but the finest. And Magnavox—the finest—costs no more—priced as low as \$149.50. Magnavox, leader in style and quality, again sets a new standard of beauty, performance and value that are years ahead of the industry. You have the widest choice of fine instruments—furniture designs to fit every décor. See the dramatic new values shown here and many more at your Magnavox dealer's. His name is listed under "Television" in the classified telephone book.



1. *The Magnarama 24*—newest big-screen television. The set of tomorrow with 100 sq. in. more picture in cabinet no larger than average 21-inch table size. Concealed top controls, 2-speaker front-projected sound, aluminized tube. Complete with stand, \$249.50.
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4. *The Telerama 21*—beautiful new compact design. Cover conceals controls, projects sound forward when open; shuts off set when closed; two speakers; in genuine mahogany, complete with stand, \$239.50.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Bell

"Everything seems to be in fine shape," said Pacific Fleet Commander Admiral Felix Stump. "When the bell rings, we will be ready to go." This week the bell rang for the Chinese Nationalists to evacuate the Tachen Islands with the help of the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

Before the bell, there was an anxious wait for 1) the payoff on a major U.S. gamble that Red China would turn down the U.N. invitation to discuss cease-fire, and 2) agreement between the U.S. and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on defense of the offshore islands.

Predicted Bellicosity. Last fortnight U.S. prestige among free Asian peoples plummeted when President Eisenhower endorsed the idea of U.N. cease-fire talks. If Red China's Chou En-lai had accepted the U.N. invitation under the New Zealand resolution, he would have won wide international backing for a seat in the U.N. and, perhaps, a neutralized Formosa, a sitting duck for Chou to bag when he pleased.

But U.S. policymakers had calculated that Chou would follow the pattern of Communist revolutionaries and make the bellicose decision. He did. Having committed himself to grab Formosa by force of arms, he would not trade that threat for the enormous diplomatic and propaganda advantages that might have followed Communist acceptance of a cease-fire agreement.

Chou's belligerent refusal of the U.N. invitation last week was coupled with the demand that he be seated in the U.N. to discuss a Russian resolution charging the U.S. with aggression in the Far East. But the U.S. was in a good position to counter this proposal. Having placed itself on the side of peace, the U.S. could from now on make its power felt in the Pacific.

On the heels of this Communist setback last week came another face-loser for the Reds. Two of eight MIG planes that attacked a U.S. patrol plane and its escort over the Yellow Sea were splashed by U.S. Sabres, and the rest were routed.

Spiked Spearhead. Meanwhile, the U.S. had diplomatic difficulties of its own in the form of a thorny negotiation with Chiang Kai-shek over the evacuation of the Tachen Islands. Last September the U.S. decided that the islands of Quemoy and Matsu were not militarily vital to the defense of Formosa. Later, as a condition



LUNCHEON AT THE GENERALISSIMO'S^o
The President sent a personal promise.

Wu Chong-ye

to giving up the Tachens, Chiang demanded a public U.S. promise to defend Quemoy and Matsu. Politically, this was a reasonable condition, for with the Tachens gone, the other islands, as well as having tactical value, would become a test in the minds of free Asians of U.S. will to resist more Red thrusts.

Three times the U.S. was on the point of announcing that it would defend Quemoy and Matsu, but at the last moment Dwight Eisenhower, to soothe British fears, vetoed it. He thought U.S. intentions were already clear enough "to make certain that no conflict occurs through mistaken calculations on the other side . . . We have been as exact as it seems possible to be."

Chiang responded by postponing the Tachen evacuation, and began to nourish the thought, from talks with U.S. military men who value the Tachens' tactical utility, that the U.S. might be persuaded to defend instead of yield them. Washington spiked this idea, and Chiang gave in, accepting Ike's personal promise that the U.S. will defend Quemoy and Matsu. At week's end Taipei agreed to evacuate the Tachens, and Washington ordered the Seventh Fleet to help.

Now no one doubts, said the President at the week's press conference, that the

U.S. intends "to see that this great island barrier is maintained intact in the Pacific, that we are not going to let international Communism get that spearhead out into the Pacific."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Buttressing Destiny

The Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty has neither the verbal bark nor the military bite of its European counterpart, the North Atlantic Treaty. But it is the first formal alliance against Communist aggression to link Asian powers with one another and with the West.

Last week, when the SEATO treaty came up before the U.S. Senate, Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley declared that the Asian signatories[†] "have uttered a cry of faith in their own destiny, and a defiant proclamation of their own conviction in the eternal worth of the individual man." But North Dakota's Bill Langer cried: "If such a treaty had been in force

^o From left: Nationalist Acting Commander-in-Chief Huang Jen-lin, Admiral Felix Stump, Chiang, Major General Sory Smith, Colonel Hu Shu-kuang.

[†] Pakistan, Thailand, the Philippines. The other signatories: Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, and the U.S.

among the nations of Europe at the time of the Revolutionary War, the U.S. would still belong to Great Britain." This seemed to prove that everybody except Langer has learned some lessons from George III. The vote: 82 to Langer.

DEFENSE

A Matter of Perspective

When Army Chief of Staff Matthew B. Ridgway appeared before the House Armed Services Committee, a Democrat asked if the 140,000-man cut in ground forces ordered by Commander in Chief Eisenhower by 1956 would affect the safety of the country. General Ridgway's answer: "I think it does, sir."

In his press conference last week, President Eisenhower was asked about General Ridgway's criticisms. The President spoke just as bluntly: "General Ridgway was questioned in the Congress as to his personal convictions, and, naturally, he had to express them."

"His responsibility for national defense is, you might say, a special one, or, in a sense, parochial. He does not have the overall responsibility that is borne by the Commander in Chief, and by him alone, when it comes down to making the recommendations to the Congress."

"My recommendations, I repeat, were made from my best judgment of what is the adequate defense structure for these United States, particularly in the long-term basis. And, naturally, the decision has not been altered. And at this moment, I don't see any chance of its being altered."

THE PRESIDENCY

The Molder

Franklin D. Roosevelt, master politician, liked to meddle in party primaries, particularly to purge Democrats who obstructed the presidential will, and sometimes (e.g., 1938) he got his fingers burned. Dwight Eisenhower has gone to the opposite extreme, bringing to the presidency a conception of aloofness toward his role as party leader. If his program was good, he thought, people would vote for it, and his party would win.

Last fall the President learned that politics is not that simple. In the close congressional election, the President's program was not repudiated, but his party lost control. Few strong Republicans lost, but many weak ones did. Ike saw more clearly that good government entails party responsibility, and that party leadership involves some influence on the choice of congressional nominees.

By the time most of the weak spots on Republican tickets came to Ike's attention last year, it was too late to do anything about them. Last week from the White House came evidence that the President is deepening his interest in his party's precampaign jockeying and is taking an early lead in molding the Republican line-up for 1956. To a recent White House stag breakfast, Ike summoned Arthur B. Langlie, three-term governor of

Washington. More than a year ago, 54-year-old Governor Langlie announced that he would not run for a fourth term. After some speculation (e.g., that he wanted to be Ambassador to Sweden, land of his forebears), Washingtonians began to take at face value his professed desire for political retirement.

Over the breakfast Ike asked Art Langlie to run for the Senate next year against Democratic incumbent Warren Magnuson. "Maggy," who has been busy churning out favors for constituents, will be no pushover, especially for a Republican with little advance buildup. Ike, loath to lose able Ikeman Langlie from the political



WASHINGTON'S GOVERNOR LANGLEIE
Help on a silver platter.

scene, promised that if Langlie takes on Magnuson: 1) the White House will channel federal patronage and aid programs through the governor, and 2) Dwight Eisenhower will campaign for him.

The governor declined to give the President an immediate answer. By week's end he was saying: "I don't rule out the possibility."

THE ADMINISTRATION

"Shared Responsibility"

Last week the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Oveta Culp Hobby, took the wraps off the Administration's health program. The plan, which the President sent to Capitol Hill, is an expanded version of the one Congress talked about but failed to pass last year.

Key to the plan is Government reinsurance of private medical insurance, e.g., Blue Cross, to encourage broader coverage, including payments for doctor's visits, financial help through periods of long illness, and coverage of low-income and rural families.

Secretary Hobby's program is designed for a minimum of federal control, a maximum

of free enterprise. Mrs. Hobby calls it a plan of "shared responsibility." Under the program the Government would promise to reimburse (out of a \$100 million fund) insurance concerns that may lay themselves open to abnormal losses.

Among other provisions of the program:

❑ Additional federal grants to help states in providing medical care of the 3,000,000 impoverished aged, disabled, orphaned and blind people already getting public assistance. Estimated 1956 cost: \$20 million. Eventual cost: \$110 million each year.

❑ Federal mortgage insurance for the construction of privately sponsored hospitals, clinics, medical co-ops, rural health centers, nursing homes.

❑ Federal grants (\$2,000,000 the first year, \$3,000,000 the next, \$4,000,000 thereafter), to be matched by states, for training practical nurses.

❑ An air-pollution study. Cost: \$742,500.

Of her reinsurance plan, Secretary Hobby concluded: "It is not a cure-all. There is no magic in the proposal. [It] does offer an opportunity to provide more people with health insurance and to provide them with better health insurance."

Comings & Goings

Last week, with appropriate regret, Army Secretary Robert Stevens accepted the resignation of John G. Adams as the Army's counselor. A central figure in last year's Army-McCarthy hearings, Adams resigned less than a month after Michigan's Republican Senator Charles Potter announced that he was redoubling his efforts to get both Adams and Stevens out of the Pentagon. "I have not resigned," replied Adams at the time, "do not expect to resign, and have not been asked to resign."

Adams' departure left just two of the principal performers in last year's hearings still in Government service: Stevens and Joe McCarthy. "A few more resignations should be tendered and accepted," snorted McCarthy, when he heard the news of Adams' departure. Other comings and goings in Washington last week:

❑ The Senate approved the nomination of Kentucky's able ex-Senator John Sherman Cooper to be Ambassador to India and Nepal.

❑ The President nominated Philip W. Bonsal, 51, a veteran diplomat, to be Ambassador to Colombia, and Newell Brown, 37, New Hampshire publisher and onetime secretary to Sherman Adams, to be Wage-Hour Administrator.

❑ Trevor Gardner, 39, brilliant, onetime boy wizard of the West Coast engineering and electronics industry (e.g., rockets) was nominated Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for the second time in six months. The first nomination of Gardner, a close friend of J. Robert Oppenheimer, was blocked in the Senate by Senator Bourke Hickenlooper. After studying Gardner's case, Hickenlooper announced last week that he would not again oppose the nomination.

THE MEANING OF SECURITY

ONE of the nation's stormiest political debates swirls around a series of digits: Ten-Four-Fifty, officially Executive Order 10450, issued by the President on April 27, 1953, establishing broad new security standards for federal employment. Critics say that Ten-Four-Fifty results in a cold reign of terror among Government workers, that no man is safe from his neighbor's malice. Defenders say that Order 10450 is necessary to protect the U.S. from the infiltration of its Government by enemies.

The U.S. got along for more than 150 years without a security system for federal employees: Is Order 10450, therefore, a sign of hysteria? Or is the system justified by the threat posed by a clever and implacable enemy?

THE BASIC CHANGE

BEFORE the 20th century, only a few people in any government shared in its secrets and its decisions. They could be bound to the rules and the state in various ways; their personal weaknesses were known; they could be watched. Most of the people who could hurt the government by treachery or indiscretion had been tested for years in the crucibles of political or military careers.

The overriding characteristic of the 20th century is the division of work and responsibility into minute parts. In this respect, government parallels industry and science. Every piece of information now involves scores, often thousands, of people. Less than a century ago, a decision could be locked in the breast of one man, e.g., in planning his Valley campaign, Stonewall Jackson withheld nearly all information even from his top subordinate, Major General Richard S. Ewell, who was heard to complain, "I tell you, sir, he's as crazy as a March hare. He has gone away; I don't know where." Today Jackson would have to parcel out his secret among hundreds of helpers, most of them unknown to him, and some of them untested by their careers on the points of loyalty and discretion.

This basic change is what brings a security system into being. The system is a clumsy, fumbling effort to adjust to an entirely new situation in governmental life, the dependence of the national security on the loyalty and discretion of tens of thousands of men and women, some of whom are not even aware that they can affect the safety of the country.

It has taken the U.S. a long time to realize the nature of this problem. In the early days of the New Deal, Paul Appleby, then an Agriculture Department official^{*} and a pundit among public administrators, said: "A man in the employ of the Government had just as much right to be a member of the Communist Party as he has to be a member of the Democratic or Republican Party." This attitude, modified and veiled, still persists. At the opposite extreme is the view that since Government employment is a privilege and not a right any employee may be fired—and his career blasted—on the shadow of a doubt. The argument over Ten-Four-Fifty comes down to how well the order and its administration avoid these two extremes.

THE NEW RULES

EXECUTIVE Order 10450 requires that the hiring and continued employment of federal workers must, in the judgment of department and agency heads, be "clearly consistent" with the interests of national security. The order recognizes that an employee may be loyal, yet still be a security risk. The homosexual may be easy prey to blackmail. The person with relatives behind the Iron Curtain may be exposed to overwhelming pressures. The alcoholic may unintentionally blab secrets.

^{*} Now budget director of New York state.

The order also provides certain safeguards against injustice to the employees, who can demand hearings before a Civil Service Commission board, have the right to counsel, can present witnesses in their own behalf and (in most cases) cross-examine adverse witnesses. But the system does not—and cannot—adhere strictly to judicial principles, with the "defendant" presumed innocent until proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. For guilt in the legal sense is not involved. The idea is not to wait until the drunken employee gives away an important secret; it is to get rid of him beforehand.

Such a judgment is part of an administrative, not a judicial, process. Nevertheless, grave injustice can result when this process is mismanaged. The outcry over the case of Wolf Ladejinsky (TIME, Jan. 3) shows that the nation's ethical sense is not satisfied by the statement that "all doubt must be resolved in favor of the Government."

One of the few sensible statements about Order 10450 came recently from a surprising source: Subversive Activities Control Board Member Harry P. Cain, who, as a Republican Senator from Washington state (1946-52), was widely considered one of the lighter-weight members of the U.S. Congress. A speech by erstwhile arch-reactionary Cain last month was inserted in the *Congressional Record* by erstwhile arch-liberal Senator Hubert Humphrey.

FIBER & SUBSTANCE

SAID Cain: "My own considered view is that our security system has worked well and fairly on the average, but that conspicuous and inexcusable examples to the contrary have occurred much too often."

Among Cain's criticisms of Order 10450:

¶ It is left to the department and agency heads to interpret and enforce the order. Said Cain: "No internal security system can become effective, understandable, or reasonable unless its standards and the procedures for implementing them are national standards, not departmental or bureau standards." Even as he spoke, the Administration was moving to turn over to a special branch of the Justice Department responsibility for getting uniform action under the security program. But the new office will have only advisory power—which may not be enough.

¶ Security officers often are too inexperienced, or otherwise unfit to measure up to their responsibility. They should understand not only Communist theory and practice, but also the principles by which the U.S. governs its people.

¶ The basic requirement that Government employment must be "clearly consistent with the interests of national security" is open to considerable question. It could—and probably has been—interpreted to mean that hearsay, malicious gossip and unsupported accusations constitute doubts that must be resolved in favor of the Government.

¶ Little distinction is likely to be made in the public mind between the security case and the loyalty case. If the alcoholic is dismissed simply because he drinks too much, he may still reform and live down his disgrace. But if he is fired as a security risk, the brand stays livid. Order 10450 brackets the security and loyalty cases.

Harry Cain concluded his speech with an eloquent statement: "Any government, to deserve to survive, must deserve the respect of its citizenry. A government is under no compulsion to be less than severe in punishing crimes against the state, but that government is under every compulsion to extend consideration and just treatment to every citizen. He or she must be treated as what they actually are—the fiber and substance from which a free nation derives its strength and purpose." Only when the requirements of security and justice are met will the numbers Ten-Four-Fifty move out of the hurricane vortex.

AGRICULTURE

Ex Oriente Lux

Egyptians call it *samma*, Turks call it *Hindistanda kaynatilimis tereyagi*, Americans call it rancid butter, Indians call it *ghee* (as in Fibber McGee), and they love it. They make it by boiling the milk of water buffalo, letting it cool, adding sour milk to make it curdle faster, then straining off the butter oil, which is the *ghee*. They eat it, spread it on sores, and anoint holy images with it.

This week Louis H. Burgwald of the U.S. Department of Agriculture was touring India with samples of U.S. *ghee* made from surplus butter. If Indian dairymen like it, William G. Lodwick, an Iowa farmer, now Administrator of the U.S. Foreign Agricultural Service, may have solved the U.S. surplus-butter problem. (Size of the problem: a Government-

ly nations, is cautiously excited about the great *ghee* plan. It might be the greatest idea in international farm trade since Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers dreamed of a great sales organization—with its headquarters in Constantinople and its hindquarters in Further India—to sell patented eyewash to ophthalmia-ridden Orientals.

One obstacle looms. The Indians and Pakistanis may spurn *ghee* produced by American Holsteins and insist on good old water-buffalo *ghee*. But this need not daunt the Department of Agriculture. It can import water buffalo, fill the Wisconsin and Minnesota lake regions with them, get the 4-H Clubs leaping with water-buffalo milk-yield contests, buy the surplus milk, and turn out *ghee* just like Mother India used to make.

LABOR

Plenty to Spend

Political spokesmen for organized labor, echoing Democratic campaigners of last fall, still refer to 1954 as a recession year. But union economists last week reported to the American Federation of Labor executive council in Miami Beach, Fla. that wage increases in 1954 "provided more of a gain in real wages [e.g., purchasing power] than increases in other postwar years, for they were almost entirely over and beyond the amount needed to compensate for rises in the cost of living." The report showed that two-thirds of 1954 union-management contracts brought wage increases of 5¢ to 9¢ and about 22% brought increases of 10¢ or more. Average hourly earnings (68¢ in 1941) are now up to \$1.83.

Last week the Commerce Department revealed that Americans had more spendable money last year than ever before. Total personal income after taxes was \$254 billion—\$3.5 billion more than 1953.

Comeuppance

For years (1927-53), burly Joseph Patrick Ryan ruled the New York waterfront as boss of the International Longshoremen's Association. With the connivance of wharf racketeers, Ryan cowed shipowners and decent dockworkers alike, and defied the forces of law. Last week in a Manhattan court Joe Ryan finally got his comeuppance, on the charge that he had accepted \$2,500 in gratuities from a trucking company. "The defendant was not a union leader," said Prosecutor Arnold Bauman. "He was a racketeer. The I.L.A. was a racket, which perpetuated itself by a reign of terror, by brutal beatings, in some cases murder. . ."

Judge Edmund L. Palmieri chose to hand down a relatively mild sentence—six months in prison, \$2,500 in fines—because Ryan was already suffering from another kind of retribution. At 70, the ex-boss is physically broken and rapidly becoming senile. His longshoremen's union, uncles, continues to dominate the New York waterfront.

NATURAL RESOURCES

Woodman, Chop that Tree!

Fifty years ago last week, Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot organized a Government agency to preserve what was left of the American forest. They were none too soon: in less than three centuries, the pioneers had ripped deeply into the continent's skin of trees, and another century might have left the U.S. as bare and barren as a desert. From the time of the first settlers, Americans had operated on a theory of chop and run; they had none of the Western European's respect for the wealth of forests. The mythological hero, Paul Bunyan, was a logger who uprooted trees with his bare hands.

Leafy Museums. In 50 years the U.S. Forest Service has come a long way. Starting originally with 734 employees



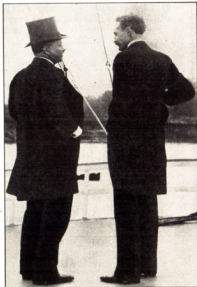
COLONEL SELLERS* & TWAIN
Like Mother India used to make.

owned hoard of 260 million lbs., worth \$168 million.)

Two years ago Lodwick, on a mission to Pakistan, saw *ghee* being made, heard that there was a great shortage of it. Since then U.S. dairies have worked on the problem, samples have been sent to Pakistan, endless embassy discussions have been held. Pakistan is willing to pay 42¢ a delivered pound, a loss to the U.S. of about 28¢ a pound. Although the U.S.-owned butter is now in cold storage, it may eventually spoil, and the Government will lose the 64¢ it paid for the average pound. There is no problem in storing *ghee*. In fact, some tasty Indian *ghee* has been kept 100 years.

The Department of Agriculture, desperately trying to get rid of its butter without disrupting the markets of friend-

* Played by John Raymond.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT & PINCHOT
As Leonardo used to say.

and 60 protected forests covering 56 million acres, the service has extended its boundaries to 151 forests, 181 million acres and 9,000 employees, one-third of them trained professionally in forestry or related sciences.* More important, the Forest Service in recent years has radically changed its aims and methods. Less than 20 years ago its mission was to snuff out fires and preserve the noble woods intact as leafy museums. Nowadays the Forest Service runs a thriving business, selling prime wood to private lumbermen, reforesting cutover or burnt-out areas, farming the nation's trees on a long-term, big-business basis. In 1953 the Treasury banked \$70 million in cash receipts from national forest sales.

* The formal science of silviculture began in France, after Leonardo da Vinci interested Louis XII in forestry.

The forest ranger, in his natty green uniform and campaign hat, strikes the national imagination as a sort of 20th century Robin Hood who lives a lonely life in a tower and periodically saves the bosky heritage from burning up and luscious lady campers from death. Today's ranger still fights forest fires, but he does his scouting from a plane instead of a lonely tower, lives cosily in a town with his wife and children, and spends about one-third of his 40-hour work week at a desk, shuffling papers.

European Notions. Forest Ranger Nevan McCullough, who was an infant when Roosevelt and Pinchot began the Forest Service, is typical of the new breed of forester—and the old as well. His father, an Irish immigrant who got the conservation bug, was a ranger before him, and his eldest son, a forestry student at the University of Washington, plans to follow the family tradition. McCullough, a wiry, wiry man with a grey cowlick and steel-rimmed glasses, is boss of a 164,000-acre tract of the Snoqualmie National Forest in Washington State. He conducts the Government's business from an office in the hamlet of Enumclaw (pop. 2,788), just seven minutes' walk from his home. And on a salary of \$6,140 a year, and with two permanent assistants, he manages a timber operation that turned a profit of \$631,884.88 last year.

Until World War II, Ranger McCullough's duties were mainly janitorial. He fought fires, built roads and telephone lines, kept a sharp eye out for log rustlers, and was lonely and bored during the long winters. By the early 1940s the ancient European practice of tree farming and sustained-yield forest crops had infiltrated the U.S. consciousness. The colleges were turning out eager young foresters who were more interested in timber management than in sparing the old pine tree. With the war, and the enormous demands of defense plants, the Government opened up its forests to major lumbering, and Ranger McCullough, like everyone else in the Forest Service, had to learn a new trade.

An Angry Hamadryad. He hiked, drove, mushed on snowshoes over his forest, and "learned more about the dynamics of the district than I'd ever known." He learned the need for weeding and care of the timberlands: acres and acres of his domain were useless, some trees as old as 800 years, others choked to death. McCullough had to absorb the hard facts of the lumber industry—how to figure permissible profits (12%), write newspaper ads, conduct bidding and police logging. He had to plan the cultivation of crops that might take 120 years to harvest. And he was profoundly impressed by what he learned: "Now that we're actually land managers, we've got an awful lot of real estate to get the greatest good out of for the greatest number. Someday we may be as good as the Europeans. Over there, in Germany for example, if a limb falls off a tree in a wind, they've



RANGER NEVAN McCULLOUGH (RIGHT) & LOGGERS
Neo-druids couldn't see the forest for the stumps.

Ross Madden

practically got a man waiting to catch it."

As McCullough and his fellow foresters took to the new ideas, thousands of neo-druids—conservationists of the old touch-nothing school—were horrified: "One schoolteacher I took on a tour was so damned mad when she saw tree stumps in a national forest she couldn't talk," he says. "The lady thought for sure I'd sold out the nation's birthright to the robber barons. That happens quite a bit with people who haven't learned that conservation today means cutting down trees, not just leaving them to rot in noble splendor."

"We could let this country go to pot, like the forests in China, Greece, and Turkey. But I don't think we're going to let it, now. It's been awfully nice, just in my lifetime to see things being done to halt that trend. I've begun to learn something, to make a little advance on what my father knew. Someone's going to carry it on from here. Maybe my sons. I'd like that."

INVESTIGATIONS

False Witness

The witnesses against the Communists have included such young patriots as Herbert Philbrick, persuaded by the FBI to infiltrate the Communist Party at great personal sacrifice, and such tortured souls as Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley. Inevitably, the witnesses have also included a few prize phonies, interested only in the fast dollar and the big headline. Last week the biggest phony of them all, Harvey Marshall Matusow, a Communist who turned professional anti-

Communist, and is now headed full circle, faced the press in room 108 of Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel.

Except for some potted palms and a waiter dispensing Four Roses, the place looked much like an official hearing room. At one end was a 12-ft. conference table, with a grimly busy stenographer, and in front of it stood Matusow, seeming right at home. Posing for pictures, he asked photographers if he should hold up his right hand, witness style. The first newsmen to question Matusow went straight to the point: "How can we be sure that what you tell us now is the truth?" Matusow replied blandly: "I feel that the truth kind of speaks for itself." It had better; little help could be expected from the likes of Harvey Matusow.

The press conference was held to blurb Matusow's forthcoming autobiography, *False Witness*, in which he tells of being a highly successful liar while serving as a professional witness. The book will not, however, tell the whole story of Harvey Marshall Matusow.

The Contest Cheater. The son of a Russian-born Bronx cigar-store keeper, Matusow emerged from World War II as a staff sergeant. He was intrigued by Communist ideas, mainly insofar as they concerned male-female relationships. In 1947 he joined the party. He was not a success; his one minor triumph as a Communist eventually helped get him kicked out of the party.

In 1948 the *Daily Worker* ran a contest in which the person selling the most subscriptions would get a free trip to Puerto Rico, then the Red equivalent of TV's trip to Bermuda. Harvey Matusow had agreed

his friends to contribute to various causes (he offered a wide selection, since he was a member of 46 front organizations), and diverted the money he got into the *Daily Worker* contest. When he learned that he was still far behind in the competition, he dug up \$100 out of his own pocket and faked a list of new subscribers. The party proudly announced that Harvey Matusow had sold 350 *Worker* subscriptions, and Matusow went to Puerto Rico.

It took quite a while for the Communists to catch up with Matusow, but, when he was finally kicked out of the party in 1951, one of the two reasons given was that he was a contest cheater. The other—and the more pressing—reason was that by this time Matusow, having turned informer to the FBI, was an “enemy agent.”

Matusow had been making a miserable \$35 a week as a Red errand boy, and he had noted the rise of McCarthyism. Matusow now says that anti-Communism looked like “a good racket.” He was soon in business right up to his mouth. He named more than 150 persons as Communists (the fact that many of them were purely coincidental). He testified against the 13 second-string Communist leaders (Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, et al.); he was a witness in the trial of Clinton Jencks, official of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union. He appeared four times before the Subversive Activities Control Board, four times before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, twice before the House Un-American Activities Committee, and several times before Joe McCarthy’s Permanent Investigations Subcommittee. Matusow hobnobbed with McCarthy and Roy Cohn, and he married the wealthy ex-wife of Michigan’s Republican Representative Alvin Bentley. Matusow’s new wife divorced him, remarried him, then divorced him again. Last year he began work on his autobiography. Its planned title: *Blacklisting Is My Business*.

Advance Payment. But Matusow’s popularity soon began to wane. At social gatherings he was a braggart and a bore. His only talents were telling involved dirty stories and twisting pipe cleaners into animal-like figures. e.g., he made a little kangaroo and named it Billie-Bunk. When the novelty and profits of his career wore off, Matusow sulked. Moreover, anti-Communist investigators began—although not soon enough—to distrust him. The FBI now says that it dropped him in 1950—yet Matusow was permitted to testify at great length (some 700 pages in the record) in the Government’s trial of Gurley Flynn & Co. in 1952.

Matusow’s book was turned down by several reputable publishing firms. Finally, he got in touch with Publishers Angus Cameron and Albert Kahn. Until 1951, Cameron was editor in chief of the old Boston publishing house of Little, Brown & Co., padding its lists with Communist-line books. When some scattershot anti-

Communists suggested that Little, Brown had itself become a front organization, the firm parted company with Cameron. Later, he appeared before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and used the Fifth Amendment when asked if he was a secret member of the Communist Party. Cameron joined up with tweedy, seedy Albert Kahn, a veteran Soviet apologist. Among the firm’s recent products: *The Testament of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*. Associated with Cameron and Kahn is Carl Aldo Marzani, wartime OSS employee, who served two years in prison for hiding his Communist Party affiliations in a federal loyalty test.

Matusow’s conversion from anti-Communism came about in a strange way. He says that he was walking down New York’s Fifth Avenue one day when he passed a synagogue and read the inscrip-



HARVEY MATUSOW
In business up to his mouth.

tion: “Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly with thy God.” This so moved him that he hastily entered into an agreement with Cameron and Kahn—not forgetting to collect an advance payment. His book’s title was changed to *False Witness*.

Harvey Matusow now confesses that he testified falsely against the 13 second-string Communists. He says that he was coached in this by Roy Cohn, then an assistant U.S. attorney. (Cohn denied the charge.) Matusow says he also lied in the Jencks trial.

At last week’s press conference Matusow admitted having lied when he said publicly in 1952 that there were more than 100 Communists working for the New York *Times* and 76 on the staff of *TIME* Inc. This statement, reiterated again and again on a western tour which Matusow made as a third-string campaigner for McCarthy-approved candidates, had

been promptly picked up and spread by Rumormongers Walter Winchell and Joe McCarthy. Last week Matusow said that the charge originated around Labor Day of 1952, when he was a McCarthy guest in Milwaukee’s Schroeder Hotel. McCarthy, who is sensitive in odd places, was annoyed, Matusow recalled, because *TIME* had said that Joe served warm martinis (*TIME*, Sept. 8, 1952). Matusow—“just to show off”—made his statement about *TIME* and, for good measure, the New York *Times*. McCarthy, says Matusow, suggested that the charge be made public. Matusow now admits that the whole story was a fabrication.

The Children’s Friend. During the press conference Angus Cameron and Albert Kahn walked around the room shattering their heads sadly, with Kahn muttering “jeez” whenever a newsman asked a harsh question. There were many such questions. Does Matusow think the Communist Party is a conspiracy to overthrow the U.S. Government? Answer: “I have not found a conspiracy in the Communist Party.” If Matusow knows the names of people who really are Communists, will he identify them? Answer: “It’s not my business to go around knocking people, discrediting people.” Is Matusow planning to skip the country? Answer: “I’m going to stay right here. I am also going to continue to entertain children in hospitals and orphanages.”

Even as Matusow spoke, the Government was belatedly moving against him. He was ordered to appear before a federal grand jury in New York, and he was subpoenaed to testify before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. The FBI has known for years that Matusow was a squalid liar. Its failure to expose a false witness the Government had used played into the hands of the anti-anti-Communists who want the public to believe that all anti-Communist witnesses are perjurers. Even the *Baltimore Sun* editorialized that the Matusow case “reminds us that stool pigeons are as a class to be despised and not to be trusted.” Matusow’s old contest sponsor, the *Daily Worker*, began serializing his recantations. The real cause of real anti-Communism had been gravely damaged by the people who believed—or pretended to believe—Harvey Matusow.

WEATHER

Smirlwind

In Los Angeles, where the weather is observed with evangelical fervor and the fog comes on big tiger feet, the Air Pollution District Office last week announced some definitions:

- ☞ *Smust*—a combination of smoke and dust.
- ☞ *Smog*—smoke and fog.
- ☞ *Smaze*—smoke and haze.
- ☞ *Smoud*—smoke and low overhanging clouds.
- ☞ *Sneet*—snow and sleet.
- ☞ *Rail*—rain and hail.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

DEMOCRACY REQUIRES DISSENTING OPINIONS

LEARNED HAND, retired chief judge of the Second Circuit United States Court of Appeals, speaking before the annual meeting in New York of the American Jewish Committee.

WHY is it that totalitarianisms arouse our deepest hostility? The best answer is not so much in their immoral quality as in the fact that they are inherently unstable because they are at war with our only trustworthy way of living in accord with the facts. For it is only by trial and error, by insistent scrutiny and by readiness to re-examine presently accredited conclusions that we have risen, so far as in fact we have risen, from our brutish ancestors, and in our loyalty to these habits lies our only chance, not merely of progress, but even of survival. They were not indeed a part of our aboriginal endowment; Man, as he emerged, was not prodigally equipped to master the infinite diversity of his environment. Obviously, enough of us did manage to get through, but it has been a statistical survival, for the individual's native powers of adjustment are by no means enough for his personal safety, any more than are those of other creatures. The precipitate of our experience is far from absolute verity, and our exasperated resentment at all dissent is a sure index of our doubts.

All discussion, all debate, all dissidence tends to question, and in consequence to upset, existing convictions; that is precisely its purpose and its justification. He is, indeed, a "subversive" who disputes those precepts that I most treasure and seeks to persuade me to substitute his own. He may be of those to whom any forcible sanction of conformity is anathema; yet it remains true that he is trying to bring about my apostasy, and I hate him just in proportion as I fear his success. Heretics have been hateful from the beginning of recorded time: they have been ostracized, exiled, tortured, maimed and butchered; but it has generally proved impossible to smother them, and when it has not, the society that has succeeded has always declined.

EISENHOWER & CHIANG MISJUDGE RED PLANS

Columnist JOSEPH ALSOP, writing from Formosa:

ONE point on which President Eisenhower and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek appear to be in agreement is that the Chinese Communists will not press the Formosa crisis to a warlike conclusion. No single piece of tangible

evidence supports the official judgment in Washington and Taipeh. This judgment of the Formosa crisis has been reached, very evidently, by calculating what we would do if we were the Chinese Communists ruling in Peking. But it is always well to remember that we are not they. Those who hold this conviction somehow manage to overlook both Red China's warlike preparations and warlike declarations. The forces for an attack are in place. Meanwhile, the Peking government has been promising its people to take Formosa this year at the top of its voice. The Peking leaders have also been assuring leaders of neutral nations, like Burma and India, that they mean every word they say about taking Formosa.

It is really hard to see why the brilliant Chou En-lai should thus engage Peking's prestige to the very hilt if the threat to Formosa is a mere vainglorious maneuver, intended to extract some other concession from the West. In fact, if Washington and Taipeh are right about the real Communist intentions, you have to conclude that Chou En-lai is a mere boastful muddler. Such is the conflict of evidence. It is an even bet either way for this year. But a Communist grab for Formosa is a virtual certainty next year or the year after that if we do not strengthen our shockingly weakened defenses on this side of the Pacific and if we fail to find some better Asian policy than piecemeal retreat.

AIRLINES NEED A LESSON IN TRAVELER RELATIONS

BERNARD DeVOTO in HARPER'S:

I AM a veteran and expert traveler, and I am getting fed to the teeth. You learn not to deal with representatives of airlines in small towns. They were chosen for their looks and have taken courses in charm, but they misinform you about routes and connections, which may throw your whole trip off or lengthen it 50 per cent, and the reservations they make may not stick.

The triumph of considerate service, however, is the asininity called "reconfirmation." You are tolerably safe if you "reconfirm" at the point of departure, again at your first destination, and a third time some hours before you are due to take off again. But you can never be sure. Last year I was twice thrown off planes on which the airlines had contracted to fly me because the gate had no record of my reconfirmation, though I did. American bumped me in particularly annoying circumstances, giving me the bum's rush at LaGuardia, and so making me a day late for an important meeting, while it sent my bags on to Knoxville and left me to spend a night

in New York without pajamas. My reconfirmation was acknowledged in grease pencil on my ticket-envelope but we had no record of it, sir, and would I please step over with the stand-bys. At Knoxville the next day I reconfirmed to Washington when I landed and two days later the boys pulled the same gag on me. This time I blew up and bad temper got me on the plane. Blowing up, by everyone, on every occasion, may be the answer—so far as there is one. Business management's first solution to every problem, frequently its only one, is to increase the budget for advertising and public relations. The principle is that if you keep on saying your service is magnificent, the sucker will believe you against the testimony of experience. The millions of dollars spent on the traveler's credulity would be better spent getting him where he wants to go with reasonable dispatch.

HIGH TARIFF MEN USING SCARE TALK

BALTIMORE EVENING SUN:

TALK about selling America short! The prize exhibit on this score is the testimony of some of those who are opposing renewal of the Trade Agreements Act at the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee. To listen to these gentlemen, this country is just about washed up. Foreign competition has our boasted industry on the ropes, and the *coup de grâce* will be administered if Congress extends the act under which we negotiate tariff bargains with other nations. This sort of defeatism has been heard from other groups opposing the bill. To judge by such talk, this country is not the greatest industrial power in the world, but an inefficient producer struggling to maintain itself against the ferocious competition of other countries which are just waiting to topple us over. To judge by such talk, the high standard of living in the United States can be maintained only by a policy of economic isolation. Not even in the days when some New Dealers were saying that the American economy had ceased to expand has there been such pessimistic talk.

Of course, this is largely for effect. The trade-agreements program has been conducted with great regard for the needs of American industry. Negotiations are begun only after those affected have been consulted. And concessions are made on a modest scale. The idea that the Eisenhower Administration, or any administration, is going to do something to "liquidate" an industry is just preposterous. It is one of the battle cries raised to scare those who may be wavering in their support of an essentially sound policy. Those who sell this country short even in this rhetorical manner should not be taken too seriously.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

233 Days of Mendès-France

It was 5 a.m. in Paris. A short, stocky man in a black topcoat hurried out of the old grey stone National Assembly building on the Quai d'Orsay. Minutes earlier Pierre Mendès-France had been Premier of France, the most popular, brilliant and energetic man to hold the office since the inception of the Fourth Republic. Now, ringing in his ears were the hoarse shouts and curses of his colleagues in the Chamber of Deputies still panting from the

rebels. He was plainly on the side of the French settlers, and brushed aside talk of cruelty on the part of the French forces. "Repression always has a cruel aspect," he said coolly. "But this time it has been just. It was indispensable in order that the guilty might be punished . . . It is essential that the Moslems faithful to France, who have often been the victims of assassins, be effectively protected."

As Mayer spoke on, his voice rose, and the Assembly sensed that the "moment of truth" was at hand. "It has been said that France must adapt herself to the

down his briefcase, happily opened a newspaper. He was followed by 76-year-old Paul Reynaud, who sat in the fifth row, his old hooded eyes staring straight in front and his head nodding constantly with a nervous tic. The galleries were jammed with spectators, among them Mendès' pretty wife. Outside stretched a long line of people hoping to be admitted to the few public seats.

Mendès walked briskly to the rostrum, opened a pink cardboard folder containing his speech, and began to speak quietly. "M. René Mayer has spoken of our errors and of their catastrophic results, of our heavy responsibilities. He has shared them and he still shares them, for he has supported with all his votes what we have done. If tomorrow the Assembly condemns us and blames us, it will also condemn and blame M. Mayer who has discovered six months late that the government has betrayed the country, liquidated French Africa and is unworthy of the confidence of the Frenchmen in North Africa."

For an hour and five minutes Mendès gave sturdy defense of his North African policy, enduring a score of interruptions, half applause, half boos and catcalls.

In a few biting phrases Mendès reproached the M.R.P. for seeking vengeance for vengeance's sake: "There are only two possible policies in North Africa: that of cooperation and reforms or a policy of repression and force. The government has chosen the first. A fraction of the opposition is favorable to the second. Not all the opposition. The M.R.P. will vote against because it wants to overthrow the government. So politics, odious politics, has once more altered the course of a grand debate on the fate of the nation."

Shortly before midnight he put the question of confidence.

Into the Green Urns. A period of 24 hours must elapse between the posing and the taking of a vote of confidence. In this period the M.R.P. caucus decided massively against Mendès. The Radical Socialists held a long, painful meeting in which Mendès and Mayer clashed. The party's Grand Old Man, Edouard Herriot (who had himself quarreled bitterly with Mendès over German rearmament), sent a message from Lyon asking the party to stick by Mendès.

At 2 a.m. the Premier mounted the rostrum. His hour was at hand. Precise and calm as ever, he placed notes in front of him, took a sip of milk, and immediately launched into a frontal attack on the M.R.P., which had charged him with "filling the prisons" in North Africa. Though Mendès' rebuttal firmly placed the responsibility on the previous (M.R.P.) government, his speech was grim confirmation of French colonial misrule. Said he: "In Morocco we found prisoners who had not even been convicted; among these prisoners, I scarcely



Robert Cohen—AGIP

RENÉ MAYER ADDRESSING THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

"So politics, odious politics. . .

bitterest, most vindictive and unseemly overthrow of any Premier in recent French history.

Job-hungry French politicians have a word, *usé* (used-up, soiled), for a government at the moment that it may be voted down and Cabinet portfolios redistributed. Last week the opposition, having tried out its voting strength on a couple of small issues, and satisfied itself that Mendès was about *usé*, was ready for the big kill. Hunting ground: the debate on North Africa.

Moment of Truth. The dramatic moment came when ex-Premier René Mayer, an influential industrialist (identified with the Rothschild interests) and a member of Mendès' own Radical Socialist Party, took the rostrum. Mayer, whose constituency is Constantine in Algeria, was against Mendès' attempts to negotiate a North African settlement with the nationalist

evolution of the modern world. If that means adapt herself as she has done in Viet Nam, or as she has done in the Fezzan and in the French establishments in India, I answer *non!*"

On the front bench, Mendès sat immobile, a little paler than usual, white cuffs peeping out from the sleeves of his dark suit. Mayer turned towards Mendès: "You have already asked many times for the confidence of the Assembly. Today personally I will not be able to vote for it. For I do not know where you are going." Gaullists, Catholic M.R.P.s and Radical Socialists thundered applause.

Shared Responsibility. Mendès spent the dinner hour furiously revising his speech of rebuttal. By 9 p.m. he was back in his seat. One by one the Deputies drifted in. Dapper ex-Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, sniffing revenge (Mendès replaced him during the Geneva Conference), set

dare report to the Assembly, was an eight-year-old child, who had been in prison for more than a year. In view of this, can anyone dare speak to this government of full prisons?" After a brisk, not altogether unfriendly series of exchanges with Deputies, he concluded: "The debate this evening is not on changing Premiers, but on making a choice in North Africa. I repeat this: the choice is among the gravest which the Assembly has had to make for many years. Perhaps the fate of France is at stake."

Ushers brought in the green urns, in which party leaders deposit either white cards (for the government) or blue cards (against). At 4:50 a.m., Assembly President Pierre Schneider announced the official count: votes for the government, 273; against, 319—five more than a full majority. Said Schneider: "Confidence has been refused to the Cabinet." But Mendès was not quite finished.

Vive la France. Taking the rostrum, he explained that he had not one word of recrimination against the Assembly decision. Deputies, accustomed to silence from defeated Premiers, listened with astonishment as he went on: "The work accomplished by this defeated government will not be wiped out either in this field or in others. . . . What has been placed in motion will not be stopped."

Suddenly the pent-up tension of two days exploded in the Chamber. Deputies, outraged because they thought Mendès was appealing over their heads to the people, broke into an angry roar: "Fascist! Fascist!" They pounded on desks, booed, groaned, howled. Most noise came from the M.R.P. The Socialists (who had supported Mendès throughout) tried to drown them out with applause. M.R.P. Deputy François de Menthon came running down the aisle, waving his arms, charging violation of parliamentary rules.

Mendès took a sip of milk, started to say, "The government has the right . . ." Louder and louder boos and the shrill screech of Communist women Deputies in the upper register interrupted him. "The government has the right . . ." President Schneider stood up, resplendent in white tie and tails, and called for order.

Mendès gripped the desk, leaned over, his face working with emotion, his lips phrasing sentences that only stenographers could hear: ". . . I know I have served my country well. I pray that in the future the Assembly may give Frenchmen new reasons for hope and may conquer the hatreds which it has too often put on display. *Vive la France!*"

Now everyone was standing, booing or cheering. Mendès stepped down, picked up his briefcase, hurried out.

Record of Accomplishment. Behind him, as he climbed into his black Citroën, Pierre Mendès-France left not only a noisy Chamber but 233 days of accomplishment: He had:

- ¶ Negotiated a cease-fire in Indo-China.
- ¶ Forced the Assembly to decide on EDC (against) and then to accept German rearmament.

- ¶ Opened negotiations for a settlement in Tunisia by offering autonomy.

- ¶ Reached agreement with Germany on the Saar.

- ¶ Persuaded Britain to keep four divisions permanently in Europe.

- ¶ Restricted the overproduction of alcohol, issued free milk to schoolchildren.

- ¶ Adopted several overdue constitutional reforms, introduced essential electoral reforms.

- ¶ Raised the wages of industrial workers, and some government servants.

In his 233 days Premier Mendès-France had visited Geneva, Tunisia, Britain, Belgium, Canada, the U.S., Italy and Germany, confronting chiefs of state as he

Justice on Trial

In the week when the French Assembly proved again its willful capacity for chaos, French justice also came in for well-deserved attack. "What is wrong with our justice?" demanded *France Dimanche*. "Henceforward," added Paris' *Paris-Press*, "it is hard to see how we can have the nerve to give lessons to totalitarian police."

French justice, based on the Napoleonic Code, has long been viewed with cynicism by its friends and alarm by disciples of Anglo-Saxon procedures. "The Code exists to protect society from the criminal, not to protect the criminal from judicial



PREMIER MENDÈS-FRANCE ON THE FRONT BENCH
... has once more altered the course. . .

Robert Cohen—AGIF

confronted his own Parliament, with subtly chosen, blunt decisions. He scorned the usual French political practices that exalted negativism into a philosophy. Watching him, millions of Frenchmen forgot their political lethargy and cynicism, cheered "*le style Mendès-France*." But the politicians whom he so coldly appraised as coldly disliked him. They feared his popularity and could not forgive him his success. They joined, Right and Left, to bring him down before he could proceed to the program he most wanted to put over: a dramatic overhaul of the French economic system.

The Assembly wanted no more energetic individualists for a while. President Coty's first choice for 21st Premier of France since 1945 was Antoine Pinay, a small-time businessman with a reputation for getting along with people. He held the job for nearly ten months in 1952.

error," explains one French expert. "We run our courts to convict the guilty, not to acquit the innocent." Last week the case of a Nantes stevedore, only the most recent of a series of setbacks of justice, touched off a storm of indignation.

Getting Confessions. Seven years ago, someone accused Stevedore Jean Deshayes of killing an old man, beating his wife, and robbing them of \$50. Police briskly beat a confession out of Deshayes, and he was sentenced to ten years' hard labor. Last year police discovered that three other men had committed the crime. At his retrial last week, Deshayes explained why he had confessed: "I was afraid. There were a lot of people and police there."

Newspapers angrily recalled other cases of police brutality. One woman, acquitted last month of poisoning her lover's wife, had been held illegally by police for three



THE WAYS OF JUSTICE, BY DAUMIER
Even the acquitted have no redress.

Daumier © 1946, Reynal & Hitchcock

days while they kicked her, pulled her hair, and insulted her in an effort to get a confession. In 1948 a sanitarium worker was kept standing for 28 hours without food to force her to confess killing a man who later was proved to have died of cerebral hemorrhage.

Preparing the Dossier. But more serious critics assailed the French judicial system itself. Under French law, there is no grand jury; instead, there is the *juge d'instruction*, whom Balzac called the most powerful man in the Republic. He performs the role of investigating magistrate. His great power is that, on his decision, and his alone, he can put any suspect in jail under "preventive detention" while he investigates the case and prepares a dossier for the trial. Such "preventive detentions" can last for years.

Of ten defendants now awaiting trial at the Paris Assizes this week, one has been in jail for 32 months; the average is 18 months. Even if the defendant is eventually acquitted, he has no redress, receives no compensation for his long imprisonment. Bail is almost unheard of; Frenchmen consider it an undemocratic favoring of the rich over the poor.

The *juge d'instruction* is usually young, inexperienced, so ill-paid that he often has no telephone or typewriter. Originally, magistrates were recruited from men of substance anxious to perform civic duty. Today, the underpaid magistrature has become the refuge of law graduates who fear failure as lawyers, and the *juge d'instruction* is the lowest rung on the judicial ladder. In the case of Marie Besnard, accused poisoner of 13 relatives and friends, the *juge d'instruction* was a 26-year-old, newly promoted from clerk, who never visited the scene of the crime, sent out to the local grocery for canned jars to hold the viscera of the 13 alleged victims, and the jars ended so badly mixed up no one was sure which was which. But he kept Marie Besnard in jail for five years in "preventive detention." The 28-year-old *juge d'instruction* investigating

young Brazilian playboy Jonsine da Silva Ramos' wife's death announced to the press: "I believe him guilty. It's up to him to prove his innocence."

Judge & Prosecutor. After the *juge d'instruction* comes a trial before three magistrates. In theory, the chief judge is impartial, explaining the arguments to the jury. In practice, he does not arbitrate, he prosecutes. French judges are generally considered honest and conscientious; the role is forced on them by the system. The chief judge must operate from the dossier prepared by the *juge d'instruction*, and the dossier is obviously the state's case against the accused. In effect, the chief judge challenges the defense counsel to disprove the dossier; he himself questions the defendant and the witnesses. The prosecutor merely keeps notes until it is time to sum up.

Then the seven-man jury files out—and the three magistrates go along too, to join in the deliberations and to vote with the jury. In case of a tie vote, the verdict is the decision of the chief judge. Because a record of convictions is the road to advancement, magistrates are almost automatically for conviction. Thus the defendant is faced with the uphill battle of trying to convince six out of seven jurors against the prestige, persuasiveness and presence of the three magistrates in the jury room.

Trouble Goes Deep. Some French critics argue that all that is needed is higher pay to attract better men as magistrates. France's 4,000 magistrates average barely \$200 a month. (A few years ago, one was fished out of the Seine, and colleagues discovered his wife and four children living in an abandoned factory, sleeping on old rags.) Others think the trouble is deeper seated, and will not be settled until judges are confined to judging, and kept out of jury rooms. Wrote Prize-winning Novelist François Mauriac last week: "There is no criminal case today in which the principal defendant is not French justice."

COLD WAR

"If Trouble Is Brought To Us"

Shooting down another nation's plane these days involves less and less risk of turning the cold war hot. Since the end of the Korean war, the Communists have attacked and shot down seven U.S. reconnaissance planes over the Pacific. The U.S. has shot down three of its Communist attackers. Such incidents are increasingly regarded as one of the inevitable hazards of the costly reconnaissance along the cold war's bristling frontier.

Last week, in the midst of all the diplomatic blowup over Formosa, and at a time of international hand-wringing, a U.S. RB-45 reconnaissance jet bomber flew peacefully above the Yellow Sea, between the coasts of Korea and Red China, with twelve F-86 Sabre jets above it as top cover. Suddenly from nowhere flared out eight Communist MIGs—nationality uncertain, but intentions lethal. Four MIGs went for the RB-45, four for the Sabre jets. The Far East Air Forces' communiqué was laconic: "Pilots of the 4th Wing returned the attack and shot down two of the MIGs. The other six attackers then returned to Communist territory." U.S. losses: none.

This affray above the Yellow Sea differed from its predecessors in that it was the biggest and best organized Communist air ambush since Korea; also in that the Communists did not even bother to protest. Six hundred miles southward, in the storm center around the Tachen Islands, the Seventh Fleet took wary note. "I want tight formations, no straggling," one Navy flight leader told his pilots. "Test your guns as soon as you get into a clear area. Make certain they are ready. Remember this—we are not out looking for a fight. But if trouble is brought to us, I want every pilot ready to meet it."

Blunt No

From a Teletype within the United Nations' slender skyscraper in Manhattan, a message sped halfway around the world to the desk of Chou En-lai, Premier and Foreign Minister of Communist China: the Security Council of the U.N. respectfully invites Red China to participate in a debate of ways and means to stop the shooting and avert a full-scale war over the question of Formosa. R.S.V.P.

On the face of it, the cable seemed an invitation to opportunity. The Chinese Nationalists certainly thought so—they voted against it in the U.N. The Russians appeared to think so—they withheld their veto so that the invitation could be transmitted. By their cheap conquest of one island outpost, the Red Chinese had, in a sense, persuaded the Western powers to sue for truce. Peking, without being asked to justify its behavior in any way, was being given the opportunity to use the U.N. as a forum to push its claim to Formosa and its demand for U.N. membership.

Yes or No. Communist China can say no quicker than yes. It accepted an Oct. 2, 1950 invitation to sit in on the Formosa

debate only after letting 21 days pass. Invited to defend the Chinese invasion of Korea in November 1950, it took only three days to say no.

This time the no came in 70 hours. "The United States aggression against China's territory of Taiwan [Formosa] has all along been the source of tension in the Far East . . ." said the cabled reply from Chou En-lai, "Taiwan, the Penghu Islands [Pescadores], and other coastal islands are all inalienable parts of China's territory. But the representative of New Zealand proposed that the U.N. consider the hostilities off the coast of the mainland of China between the People's Republic of China and the traitorous Chiang Kai-shek clique. This is obviously to intervene in China's internal affairs . . ."

Concluded Chou: Peking would not come to the U.N. unless discussion was confined solely to Russia's proposal to turn Formosa over to the Reds, and only if Nationalist China was first booted out of the Security Council. Otherwise, "all decisions taken in the Security Council on questions concerning China would be illegal and null and void."

Crocodile Horror. At the U.N. there were gasps at the insolent finality with which Chou dismissed the U.N. request. Some of the professed horror of his behavior, however, was crocodile horror. Several U.S. policymakers, for example, had deliberately gambled that Peking would have to reject a U.N. cease-fire proposal. The Chinese Nationalists unabashedly breathed sighs of relief that Chou had saved them from what they feared would prove a U.N.-supervised process of handing Formosa to the Reds.

On second look, the surprise of European and Asian diplomats over Chou's rejection was unjustified. Though the U.N. invitation gave the Communists a propaganda opportunity—and a long-range chance to neutralize Formosa—the rigid logic of Peking's position forbade them to take it. The U.S. State Department had correctly guessed Red China's response.

For five years Peking has been staking its prestige on its solemn vow to "liberate Formosa." It is Peking's declared No. 1 foreign-policy objective. It serves the additional purposes of justifying its large armies, of keeping tensions stirred up, of taking its people's minds off crop failures and floods, Chiang Kai-shek serves the historical function of being tyranny's external enemy, who can be blamed for exertions demanded and identified as the sponsor of anyone who dares challenge the regime. To renounce all this, to concede the U.N.'s right to talk of cease-fire or its right to meddle in "an internal affair," would be to abandon a useful and profitable objective.

Blunt as Chou was, his renewed vow to "liberate" Formosa omitted one essential: when. The Communists were careful to leave themselves time. Peking is patient, Chou En-lai explained when Burma's Premier U Nu visited Peking last December, and expects to win Formosa not by force of arms but by subversion and defection.

Chou seemed to be assuming that patience and endurance were all on his side. In that, he could prove wrong (the Communists had apparently not anticipated the U.S.-Formosa treaty). Chou also seemed to be assuming that time and other forces would be working for him. In that, he was at least partially right. Before the week was out, and the sound of Chou's insolence had died away, a slender man with jodhpured legs and a rosebud in his buttonhole scooted about the diplomatic conference rooms of London with whispered propositions on his lips. India's Jawaharlal Nehru wanted to be helpful.

The Man Between

India's Jawaharlal Nehru was the busiest man in London last week. Britain's Anthony Eden wooed him, Burmese and Indonesian envoys sought him out. Communist China's chief representative conferred with him twice. So did U.S. Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich, who got the full treatment on the "Asian" view of Formosa, featuring Red China's indisputable right to Formosa and the U.S.'s "interference" in Asia's affairs.

Only when the assembled Commonwealth Prime Ministers met for social events did Nehru's heavy-lidded eyes droop tiredly. "This is the real hard work of conferences," he said to Australia's Robert Menzies at one banquet. "I'm not sure I'm enjoying myself."

The Weight of Concern. At other times, conferences of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers have been quiet family affairs. Australia's Menzies, a veteran of many of them, explained: "We earnest fellows come from the six corners of the world. Winston addresses us . . . and after all, that is a wonderful experience. When Winston has finished, he turns round to Anthony and says, 'Would you care to

say something?' Things go on . . . I make a few statesmanlike remarks . . . And when we have solved all the problems of the world . . . the communiqué will arrive. We will correct the grammar. Then Winston will say, 'I don't like the sense in which you have used that word.' . . . And then we all go home."

This time the secret conclaves around the dark oak table in 10 Downing Street were tense and weighted with concern. Sir Winston told them soberly that since their last meeting in June 1953, the hydrogen bomb had come to dominate the world scene. "Hitler was mad and bad—the Russians are only bad," cracked the old man. "They have far more sense than to start an atomic war which will lead to their own destruction." He predicted that in three years Russia would attain atomic equality with the West. Heretofore, he declared, only U.S. superiority in nuclear weapons has prevented the free world from being overrun.

Nehru dissented. Speaking softly, he urged the total abolition of all atomic weapons and experiments: "The hydrogen bomb has made war obsolete as an instrument of policy, and the continued development of the weapon threatens all civilization." Menzies "utterly disagreed."

Scraples & Swaps. Gingerly, the other ministers explored Nehru's views on Formosa. It was soon apparent that Nehru, with milder backing from Ceylon's Sir John Kotelawala, simply thought that the U.S. should abandon the Nationalists. The others, with some individual variants, favored Eden's plan, which would swap the offshore islands and U.N. recognition of Red China for a cease-fire and Communist acceptance of a neutralized Formosa.

Eden, though he has scrupulously avoided saying so publicly for fear of embarrassing President Eisenhower, is convinced that the U.S. is swinging to some



INDIA'S NEHRU & SISTER, NEW ZEALAND'S HOLLAND, BRITAIN'S EDEN
Six corners of the world under one hat.

kind of neutralization too. Last week he tried to clear the ground for his projected bargain. The status of Formosa and the Pescadores is "uncertain or undetermined," he said, but "the Nationalist-held islands in close proximity to the coast of China . . . undoubtedly form part of the territory of the People's Republic of China." But stoutly standing by the U.S., he warned Red China against any attempt "to assert its authority over these islands by force in the circumstances at present peculiar to the case."

No one of the Prime Ministers was eager, or even willing, to fight to save Formosa. Privately, they agreed that they were not "automatically committed" to help the U.S. in its defense. But Eden recognized that if the U.S. should get into a large-scale war with Red China, Britain would inevitably be drawn in.

Dumping Chiang. Outside the conference room, Eden faced a concerted and mischievous attack from the Laborite opposition. The fire was aimed at the U.S., and headed by 72-year-old Clement Attlee himself, whose trip to Peking has made him a certified China expert. Attlee, in an interview with the Socialist *Daily Herald*, demanded that Formosa should be neutralized for "a period of years . . . until a fair plebiscite can be held. Chiang Kai-shek could hardly stay in Formosa during such a period of neutralization. He and his principal supporters would have to go into exile—and a suitable asylum should be found for him." Echoed Nye Bevan: "The way to make peace is to disarm Chiang Kai-shek." Snapped Dr. Edith Summerskill: "The workers of this country [will] not support the claims of a discredited dictator against the workers of the recognized government of the People's Republic of China."

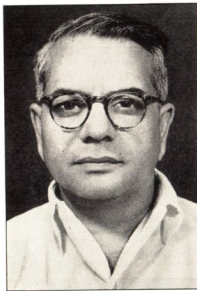
These Laborite leaders seemed to be saying that, were it not for Chiang's heavy restraining hand, the Chinese on Formosa would be delighted to be absorbed into Communist China. But given the choice, 14,000 out of 20,000 Chinese prisoners of war in Korea had chosen the "discredited dictator" and exile on Formosa rather than return to their homes in Red China. What would become of them if they returned to the mainland? The weekly *Spectator* wondered how Attlee could "look with equanimity on the prospect of the terrible slaughter which would certainly take place if America abandoned the Nationalists."

In speaking as he did, Clem Attlee made common cause with his party's left wing. But he was also unquestionably expressing more rudely a feeling Eden and many Tories share: the fervent wish that Chiang Kai-shek would simply disappear, vanish, evaporate, go away.

In this atmosphere, China's brusque rejection of the U.N. invitation was "extremely disappointing" to Eden; its rudeness shocked even some Laborites. But the Commonwealth ministers were briefly cheered when Molotov called in British Ambassador Sir William Hayter in Moscow, told him that the Russians were

ready to work as a moderating influence on Peking, urged that the British do the same in Washington.

At week's end, code machines chattered as the diplomats took counsel. There was little enthusiasm for an Indonesian proposal that the Colombo powers mediate (too clumsy) or for another Geneva-type conference (the U.S. disapproved). By default, hopes centered on Jawaharlal Nehru. The question was whether his intervention would do more harm than good. He was insisting that Red China's ultimate right to Formosa must be recognized first, but had reportedly conceded, at the urging of Commonwealth colleagues, that Formosa might be granted 20 years of interim independence under a U.N. mandate. Vastly relishing his role, Nehru told 3,000 Indian students: "Whatever you say must be at the right moment, and then it does have some effect."



KRISHNAMACHARI
Tired of the great man's grip.

INDIA

Private Enterpriser

For a discouraging 2½ years, handsome Tiruvallur Thattai Krishnamachari, Madras businessman, spoke up for private enterprise in India. As Nehru's able Minister for Commerce and Industry, Krishnamachari believed that "the private sector" could make a sizable contribution, even to Socialist-minded India. Last fall, when the government decided that India needed more steel mills, Krishnamachari proposed to give a contract to India's wealthy G. Birla interests, Pandit Nehru said no.

Nehru's government decided instead to let Russia put up the steel mill. Russia, keen to show the Indians that it can match the Westerners in industrial know-how, offered to put up a \$95 million mill in four years. Commerce Minister Krishnamachari objected that the Russian plant

would give the Communists a foothold inside central India, permitting them to intrigue among Indians, to make sure that Indian Communists were made foremen, and to channel funds into the Indian Communist Party.

To these arguments, Nehru replied that since India is also going to buy a smaller steel mill from West Germany's Krupp combine, no "politics" could be involved. Last week Private Enterpriser Krishnamachari had enough, and quit Nehru's Cabinet. "Nehru is a dictator," said he. "I see no more usefulness for my services . . . I have shaken the great man's hand for the last time."

PAKISTAN

New Republic

Pakistan (pop. 76 millions) decided last week to turn itself from a dominion into an independent republic inside the British Commonwealth. Like its neighbor India, Pakistan will recognize Queen Elizabeth not as sovereign of the realm but as "head of the Commonwealth." The Crown-appointed Governor General, 59-year-old Ghulam Mohammed, is expected to become chief of state with full powers in name as well as in fact.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Bottle

Twice in recent years, Harry Grice, an ailing 42-year-old electroplater of Birmingham, had tried to take his own life. Each time his wife Catherine dissuaded him. Last week, on his way home from work, death overtook Harry Grice. The neighbors who carried Harry's body home from the nearby lane in which they found it, and the doctor and the policemen who were called in to take charge, all agreed that Harry had been the victim of a heart attack. Nobody thought to put any blame on the innocent-looking bottle of ginger beer that was found in Harry's pocket. Mrs. Grice, mother of six and once again heavy with child, put the bottle on the kitchen table and set herself to comforting her children.

In the midst of the turmoil, talk and tragedy filling the Grice kitchen, twelve-year-old Beryl decided that she wanted a drink. Her mother uncorked the ginger-beer bottle, poured some of its contents into a cup and gave it to Beryl. Twenty minutes later Beryl was dead. The doctor, the neighbors and the policemen agreed that the child must have died of shock and grief. Beryl's body, like her father's, was taken away in an ambulance. The neighbors left. But that night two-year-old Pamela could not sleep. Mrs. Grice carried her to the kitchen and gave her a soothing teaspoonful of ginger beer—out of the bottle on the kitchen table. Twenty minutes later Pamela Grice was dead. At long last, someone thought to blame the bottle of ginger beer. It proved to be well spiked with cyanide. For with it, Harry Grice had achieved his wish for suicide.

Autopsy of a Hero

"His name will live in history," wrote King George V at the death of Colonel T. E. Lawrence. Soon afterward, in a biographical sketch, Winston Churchill added: "That is true; it will live in English letters; it will live in the traditions of the Royal Air Force; it will live in the annals of war and in the legends of Arabia."

Lawrence, the pint-sized, introverted Oxford scholar who rose from an obscure post in the Civil Service to lead the desert Arabs in revolt against their Turkish oppressors, was just the kind of lonely, romantic figure of danger the British needed in World War I to offset the unrelieved, anonymous four-year horror of the Western Front. His saga became legend. Hailed by many as a masterpiece, his own monumental, turgid and mystic *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* became the bible of a widespread cult of Lawrence admirers, whose most romantic ideals were justified when their unpredictable hero renounced the world at the pinnacle of his fame to join the R.A.F. as lowly Aircraftman Ross.

Last week, 20 years after his death in a motorcycle crash, a new biography of Lawrence appeared in England, and set off a fury of charge and countercharge. Its respected publisher (Collins) held up publication of the book for 18 months while lawyers checked it, and friends of Lawrence were asked to rebut its accusations. *Lawrence of Arabia, A Biographical Enquiry*, by Novelist Richard Aldington, says without mincing words that, far from being a hero, Lawrence of Arabia was a misbegotten fraud, a perverted charlatan, a pretentious demagogue, possibly a homosexual, certainly a poseur, a liar and a plain fake. The effect, as one paper put it, was "as if someone charged that Nelson knew nothing about the sea." "Is this the end of a legend?" asked a sign printed in scarlet letters in the window of Foyle's, London's leading bookstore. In press, radio and TV, the nation's sharpest-penned and sharpest-tongued controversialists argued the question.

A Search for Fraud. In writing Lawrence's life, Aldington (author of a sardonic bestselling 1929 novel of World War I, *Death of a Hero*) claims to have started with an open mind. But in the course of his four years of research, he turned up many claims by Lawrence and his enthusiastic biographers (Lowell Thomas, Robert Graves) that did not seem to jibe with the facts. The chief of these was Lawrence's boast that he had once been offered the post of High Commissioner for Egypt. There was no record of such an offer in writing, and from the testimony of living persons who might know the facts, Aldington decided that the offer had not been made.

With this evidence of infidelity as a springboard, he began to search for further fraud. The end was a book that glares in ill-concealed suspicion at every aspect and every facet of the Lawrence legend.

Aldington goes to infinite pains, com-

plete with family genealogies, to prove that T. E. Lawrence and his four brothers were the illegitimate sons of a baronet named Chapman. He goes deep into the family's private history to debunk tales of his hero's childhood precocity. Stirred to action by a former biographer's statement that Lawrence claimed to have read "all the books" in the Oxford Union Library, Aldington lists the total (50,000) to prove the task impossible. Even Lawrence's claim to have ridden camelback at the pace of 100 miles a day comes to earth in an avalanche of maps and routes remeasured; not content with that, the debunker goes on to cite facts indicating that Lawrence was not a camel rider anyway and always preferred to cross the desert on foot.

With Lawrence the man thus disposed of, Biographer Aldington proceeds to attack his place in history by denying



LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
Cut down.

Triangle

1) that Lawrence played a major part in the Arab revolt in the desert, and 2) that the revolt itself was a significant aspect of the war. "All the preliminaries which led to the rebellion," he writes, "occurred before Lawrence ever reached Cairo, [and they] would certainly have occurred if Lawrence had never existed."

I Told Them Lies. Few of the Lawrence fans, old friends and old Middle East hands who rushed to his defense last week bothered to challenge Aldington's facts one by one. All of them professed to have long known that Lawrence was illegitimate, but based their objections on the propriety of saying so while his 93-year-old mother was still alive. Most of them also conceded that Lawrence was an incorrigible ham, who loved to posture and pose in his outlandish Arab regalia and often embroidered the truth. "Finding they wouldn't believe it," Lawrence himself once wrote a friend, "I told them

lies." The ire of Aldington's critics was directed far less at the existence of sordid facts concerning their hero than at the brutal and relentless way Aldington sought to reduce Lawrence's reputation to nothingness. "It is as if someone were to describe Shakespeare's atrocious table manners at the Mermaid tavern, while omitting to mention that he also wrote plays," said Historian Harold Nicolson, who admitted to his own prejudice against Lawrence. "A mere mass of faults, however competently exposed," said Lawrence's onetime superior, Sir Ronald Storrs, "adds up not to a portrait but to a post mortem—the portrait of a hero on the dissecting table."

The wisest words in the dispute were spoken by crusty old Lord Vansittart, a distant cousin but no partisan of the hero. Lawrence's part in the Arabian revolt, wrote Vansittart, "was not titanic, but it was considerable. Mr. Aldington cannot reconcile—nor did Lawrence himself—faults and gifts, purple and dust, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, bravery and inaccuracy, daring and brusquerie, delicacy and cheek."

By week's end, *Lawrence of Arabia*, for all its crabbed dullness, had already far outsold Lawrence's own *Revolt in the Desert*, to prove that the legend, true or false, was still alive. Perhaps the vitriolic charges had added even more glamour, mystery and wonder to its hero, for as Lawrence himself wrote in the very first line of *Seven Pillars*: "Some of the evil of my tale may have been inherent in our circumstances."

Where Are the Aircraft?

Under sharp questioning in the House of Commons last week, Under Secretary of State for Air George Ward made an admission that shocked Britain. The Royal Air Force's most promising operational jet fighter, the high-firepower, 650-m.p.h. Hawker Hunter, is stalled by an unlooked-for defect: when its four 30-mm. cannons are fired "at certain heights and in certain conditions of flight," its engine flames out.

The unpalatable truth is that the celebrated \$1.37 billion-a-year R.A.F. is now depending upon U.S. Sabre jets, plus about 1,500 obsolescent British jets (Gloster Meteors, De Havilland Vampires and Venoms), for the air defense of London. The Fighter Command's swept-wing Supermarine Swift is grounded; its delta-wing Javelins and its P-1s are critical months from service, and so are anti-aircraft guided missiles. "The R.A.F.," said the *Spectator* bitterly, "is relatively worse off now than it was at the time of Munich. At least in 1938 it had one Spitfire."

Under Secretary Ward tried to reassure M.P.s: "I should make it clear that as it is, the Hunter . . . could go into action tomorrow." Laborite Woodrow Wyatt protested: "How can the Minister say that? Is it not the case that . . . at present we have no air defense whatsoever of this country?" The Hunter's troubles, according to the Air Ministry, can be "got over." Much more serious is the continuing fact

that whereas Britain's flashy prototypes dazzle the air-show crowd at Farnborough, the production models rarely come up to expectations. Designers criticize the government for "messing around with modifications" until the aircraft type is obsolete. Laborite Wyatt announced that he will ask Prime Minister Churchill to appoint a royal commission to look into the whole situation.

EGYPT

Without Mercy

At 8 o'clock one morning last week Dr. Moussa Lito Marzuk, 28, a surgeon in Egypt's Jewish Hospital, walked out of his solitary cell in a Cairo prison. As a rabbi intoned Hebrew prayers, the executioner seized the white-faced surgeon, cuffed his hands in leather, bound his eyes in black cloth, led him into the death chamber, closed the door, and snapped the gallows trap. Half an hour later, 26-year-old Samuel Azar, a teacher, walked the same path of no return, and the ancient and endless quarrels of the Middle East were washed with the fresh blood of two men.

Marzuk and Azar died convicted of spying for Israel, despite protests at the severity of the sentence from the French and U.S. governments, the International League for the Rights of Man, and many other groups. Egypt's army junta bristled at such "interference" from outside.

Actually, Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser's government was in something of a box. It hesitated to show more mercy to two Zionists than it had to six Moslem Brotherhood leaders hanged last December despite official pleas from Syria, Lebanon and Indonesia.

In Israel, streets fluttered with black-draped flags, and the Knesset was crowded with grim-faced Israelis assembled to hear Premier Moshe Sharett say: "Egypt will not be sustained by the blood it has thus spilled. The devotion to Zion of untold numbers of Jews was not stifled in the past by persecution, nor will it be in the future."

RUSSIA

Bread & Iron

Russia's 125 most powerful Communists met in Moscow last week in a secret session lasting five days.

Though meetings of the Central Committee of the U.S.S.R. are almost never mentioned publicly, on this occasion all the resources of Soviet propaganda were thrown into publicizing the address of the party's publicity-minded first secretary, Nikita Khrushchev. To Russians, the news could not have been very cheering; the accent was on failures on the farm and the inadequacy of Soviet industry.

Moscow newspapers were enlarged to print the full text of Khrushchev's analysis of Soviet weaknesses and particularly his remedy for correcting them. For days afterwards, newspaper editorials spelled



Cyril Peckham
THE R.A.F.'s HAWKER HUNTER
Stalled on the ground.

out his message in even greater detail. Buried in the verbiage were some vital facts:

❑ The U.S.S.R. is facing a food shortage. A disastrous winter in the Ukraine and dry winds in the Volga area seriously affected the 1953-54 harvest. A quarter of the grain was lost "through delays in harvesting, which sometimes took 45 days, as a result of the shortage of harvesting machinery" (much of it had been moved to Siberia to take care of Khrushchev's ambitious scheme for developing that dry and virgin area). In the same winter the meat and dairy industry suffered severe setbacks, and the U.S.S.R. lost 2% of its sheep flock.

❑ According to Khrushchev's figures, the total number of cattle in the U.S.S.R. is still less than in 1928, when the first Five-Year Plan began (though Russia's population has increased 60 million). There are fewer cows than in 1916, the year before the Reds seized power.

❑ Soviet industry is lagging. Pig-iron production for 1954 was less than the planned figure, and rolled steel is in short supply. Production is below quota in all other metals, in oil, coal and timber.

❑ The machine-tool industry was criticized for using obsolete methods and being behind production in electric motors, steam engines, metal-cutting lathes, chemical, textile and rolling mill equipment, and most particularly in freight cars, self-propelled grain combines, tractor cultivators and threshing machines.

Praise the U.S. Party Secretary Khrushchev's cure for Soviet economic ills fell into two parts: 1) increasing wheat production in Siberia and the development of U.S.-type animal husbandry in western Russia and the Ukraine, 2) a crackdown on consumer industry and consumer spending in favor of a buildup of heavy industry. He even found himself praising the U.S. to make a point. Khrushchev is impressed by the way "Americans have

succeeded in achieving a high level of animal husbandry." The answer for Soviet Russia, he said, is the widespread U.S. planting of hybrid corn for fodder. Khrushchev urged that collectives in European Russia should plant U.S. hybrid corn, and demanded an eightfold increase in Soviet corn production by 1960. That will take some doing.

Khrushchev moved on to a more controversial subject, not seeming to mind whose toes his heavy boots trod upon. "Lenin taught that the building of heavy machines, capable of reorganizing agriculture, can be the only material basis of socialism," he said. "This Lenin line was followed under Stalin's leadership, is being followed at present, and will be followed in future." He branded the more-consumer-goods faction as saboteurs. "This is a grave mistake, alien to the spirit of Marxist-Leninist reasoning . . . It is a belching of rightist deviation, a belching of views hostile to Leninism which were once propagated by Rykov and Bukharin." Though Khrushchev did not identify just who could have belched such dreadful views, all his hearers knew that among those who had was Khrushchev himself. And another had been Premier Georgy Malenkov, who in August 1953 proclaimed that Russia was in a position "to expand light industry at the same rate as heavy industry," and promised the public more candies, TV sets and "ellegant footwear."

Postponing Better Days. Actually, consumer-goods gains in 1954 were relatively small. According to the report of the Central Statistical Bureau, there was a 27% increase in the production of artificial silk underwear and a 6% increase in cotton fabrics, but in surveying the whole field, the bureau found that "much of this production was still of unsatisfactory quality." Makers of pianos, cameras, champagne, cigarettes, sausages, tea, matches and soap had exceeded their production quotas.

Under the new Khrushchev plan, Soviet consumers will not only get fewer of these luxuries, but will have less money to spend on them. The Soviet budget, while promising no increase in taxation, announced a new government bond issue, expected to bring in twice the amount of money as that launched in 1954. Khrushchev postponed the promised good times: "A better life in five to six years instead of consumer goods in a year or two." The new budget increases Soviet military appropriation 12%, enough to give internal weakness an outward show of strength, but it is below the 1952 appropriation, and still no match for U.S. preparedness.

Two days after the Central Committee meeting, the Supreme Soviet, most unanimous of the world's governments, met in Moscow. After dutifully applauding the Khrushchev plan, the members flew back to their home territories to tell hungry Soviet masses about their new diet of iron.

❖ Both executed in 1938.

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THE HEMISPHERE

BRITISH WEST INDIES

Princess on Parade

*Oh, Princess Mar-gar-et,
In the atmosphere you can feel it:
How everyone here is really glad
To welcome Your Highness to Trinidad.*

Calypso singers chanted it, and pounded on their drums; little children shrilled it, and waved their tiny Union Jacks. As she began a four-week cruise through the British West Indies last week, 24-year-old Princess Margaret knew, from the cheering crowds that lined the hot, sunny streets in Trinidad, that the welcome came from the heart.

Queen Elizabeth II's younger sister dutifully attended to the routine chores of visiting royalty. But her schedule allowed plenty of time for listening to throbbing calypso rhythms, watching native dancers and admiring the lush tropical countryside. At a formal dinner, Margaret set Trinidad society ladies atwitter with a modishly low-cut white silk gown and a dazzling new upswipe coiffure.

The British Colonial Office, eager to unite the West Indies into an economically sound federation, hoped that the Princess' visit would strengthen the West Indian loyalty to the crown. The royal family undoubtedly hoped that the trip might have some of the same effect, so to speak, on Margaret; London society insists that she is still deeply in love with R.A.F. Group Captain Peter Townsend, a war hero but a divorcé (TIME, July 20, 1953). If she decides to marry Townsend (which she will be eligible to do without the sovereign's permission after her 25th birthday in August), Margaret will have to give up her rights of succession and her \$17,000 annual stipend.

Last week Margaret captivated Trinidad and was herself captivated by its charms. She even sent a lady-in-waiting to buy a stack of calypso records. In Tobago, boarding the royal yacht *Britannia* for the cruise to Grenada and British points north, Margaret could scarcely fail to see that the life of a princess can be quite a life indeed—comfortable, consequential, exciting and even fun.

THE ANTARCTIC

Flowerless Summer

During the Northern Hemisphere's winter, a summer of a sort comes to the great white continent of Antarctica, bringing 24-hour-a-day sunshine and a brief, spongy softening of the coastal pack ice. That cold and flowerless southern summer is the season when dedicated men arrive by ship or plane to extend man's scanty knowledge—and tenuous possession—of the earth's most inhospitable region.

Last week two shipborne expeditions prowled among the antarctic icebergs. In the Amundsen Sea, east of Little America, the 6,500-ton U.S. Navy icebreaker *Atka*,



MARGARET AT TRINIDAD BANQUET
Fun in the sun.

with 250 men aboard, headed south, battering its way through pack ice in search of a harbor along the continental shore. Far to the east, a seven-ship, 1,000-man Argentine expedition, paced by the new, German-built, 4,400-ton icebreaker *General San Martin*, headed north for home.

Cold Cold War. The Argentine flotilla set out from Buenos Aires in mid-December to carry supplies and men to Argentina's eight permanent antarctic outposts, and to bring back the men whose one-year tours of polar duty were done. On the shore of a bay at 78° south, 39° west, the expedition built a ninth year-round out-

post—a weather station—and left 20 men to staff it. Buenos Aires claimed that it was the southernmost permanent base in the antarctic.

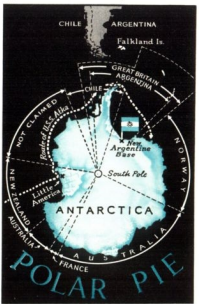
The expedition's radioed accounts of its adventures made front-page headlines in Buenos Aires. The Argentines take great pride in their antarctic expeditions, and in the nation's claim to a huge pie-slice of the wind-whipped south-polar wasteland. It bothers the Argentines little that neighboring Chile claims part of the same slice (see map), but they simmer at Great Britain's pretensions to sovereignty over every square mile of Argentina's frozen empire. Since Strongman Juan Perón came to power in 1945, Argentina and Great Britain have carried on a sort of super-cooled war along the antarctic coast, each protesting whenever the other side acts as though it regards any particular expanse of ice as its own.

International Incident. To avoid serious clashes, Britain, Argentina and Chile signed an agreement in 1949 to refrain from sending warships south of the 60th parallel. Last month a Foreign Office spokesman in London issued a warning that Britain might be forced to disregard the three-nation pact if "incidents" kept occurring in Antarctica. The point was that the *General San Martin's* new base not only lay well within Britain's claimed slice of Antarctica but was near the announced starting point of a planned British-New Zealand attempt to make the first overland trek across the antarctic continent.

Besides Great Britain, Argentina and Chile, four other nations—Australia, New Zealand, Norway and France—claim slices of the polar pie. The U.S. puts forth no claims of its own, and does not officially recognize those of other nations. Before World War II, the U.S. held to the doctrine—laid down in 1924 by Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes—that no nation could rightly claim sovereignty over an area that it could not effectively occupy. In the air age of today, the U.S. maintains that national claims in the antarctic are matters to be settled by international-court decisions and 2) reserves the right to claim any part of the continent.⁹

Bay That Vanished. It was not to fortify any U.S. territorial claims that the icebreaker *Atka* steamed into antarctic waters early last January, but to collect scientific data and scout out a site for a large-scale U.S. geophysical expedition in 1957-58. Off Little America, the *Atka*

⁹ Russia also reserves the right to put in a claim, based on the 1870-21 voyage of Admiral Fabian von Bellingshausen, a Baltic German in the service of Czar Alexander I. Bellingshausen never set foot on the antarctic continent, but he did catch sight of some offshore islands. Soon afterwards, to his disappointment, he met a mariner who had been there before him: a Yankee named Nathaniel Palmer, skipper of a U.S.-flag sealer, *Bellingshausen* (clearly the kind of sportsman who would displease the Soviet Union today), magnanimously named the territory he had sighted after Palmer.

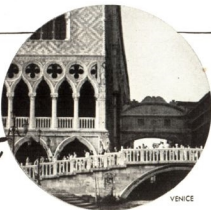


(Inset Map by J. Donovan)

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made an unwelcome discovery: the Bay of Whales, which had served as a harbor for Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expeditions in 1928, 1933, 1939 and 1946, had disappeared. An enormous chunk of shelf ice on which Byrd and Co. set up camp had broken off and drifted away.

Last week the voyagers aboard the *Atka* saw the sun set—it just dipped below the horizon for a few hours—for the first time since they crossed the Antarctic Circle. It was a sign that the brief, flowerless antarctic summer was coming to an end. Ahead of the *Atka* lay a month of rapidly shrinking days and lengthening nights, then the long voyage home.

MEXICO

Down on the (State) Farm

When President Lázaro Cárdenas (1934-40) was thumbing his nose at the world's great powers by expropriating their oil holdings in Mexico, he scared the striped pants off U.S. diplomats, who feared that he was setting up a Communist-type state right next door. At one swoop in 1938, Cárdenas took over 305,000 acres of henequen (fiber) land in Yucatán and turned it into a vast government collective farm. It was the nearest thing to a Soviet-style *Sovkhoz* (state farm) outside the U.S.S.R. Cárdenas called it the *Gran Ejido* to distinguish it from numerous smaller semi-collectives in Mexico's ejidal system.

Since then, the *Gran Ejido* has been sacrosanct in Mexican politics. No public official dared to say that it was an abysmal failure. Profits from the henequen were raked in by corrupt bureaucrats, while henequen growers and their families lived on barely \$1 a week. Mexico's total production, despite a \$1,900,000 annual subsidy started by President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines in 1953 (TIME, April 13, 1953), dropped steadily. Last year it hit a low of 450,000 bales, compared with the World War I high of 1,000,000 bales.

Last week, after a flying trip to Yucatán, Agriculture Minister Gilberto Flores Muñoz said bluntly: "In my opinion the so-called *Gran Ejido* should be abolished." He could not have astonished his countrymen more if he had run naked across the Zocalo in Mexico City. Other public figures, wondering if Flores' statement could possibly have the approval of President Ruiz Cortines, waited for the Jovian thunderbolts to fly from the iron-faced Cárdenas, still, even in retirement, the country's most powerful political figure.

But even before newspapers headlined Cárdenas' refusal to comment, a farm credit union official hailed Flores' words: "At last a top-ranking official has publicly recognized failure in the ejidal system, which has so long seemed to be taboo, and on whose altars truth and justice have so often been sacrificed." Then up spoke a Congressman: "We have been inhibited too long by fear of being called reactionaries for talking of problems like this. Now what is needed are solutions that will make Yucatán as well as other depressed areas of our country truly places of production and prosperity!"

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45 Extended Play . . . \$1.49 ea.



RCA VICTOR RECORD DIVISION
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Late last year a liveried chauffeur began poking around the French Riviera, seeking a country mansion to suit the tastes of his employer, an anonymous Paris industrialist. Through a Paris real estate office, he finally negotiated the purchase of a stately, green-shuttered pink villa. Price for the estate, which sprawls near the **Agg Khan's** Cannes hideaway: \$90,000. The tipoff that the new owner was no ordinary industrialist came last November, when the locals learned that he had ordered a new lodge built on the grounds especially to house his platoon of bodyguards. Last week the mysterious Parisian's neighbors learned his identity: ailing **Maurice Thorez**, France's high-living No. 1 Communist, a dedicated proletarian whose exclusive industry aims at delivering France into the Kremlin's power.

Pioneering as the first American jazz bandleader ever to go jamming around Israel, drum-busting Vibraharpist **Lionel Hampton** tortured his tom-toms in Tel Aviv, had frenetic listeners in the aisles stomping out the *Hora*, Israel's most popular folk dance. After one concert, during which some 100 cops hooked arms to bar gate-crashers from the hall, rhythm-happy Hampton laid down his drumsticks and gasped: "Man, in a country that's younger than jazz itself, these Israeli cats have sure grown fast!"

Before setting off on a 40,000-mile tour of the Far East, **Helen Keller**, 74, whose senses have steadily quickened ever since she was struck blind, deaf and dumb in childhood, was guest of honor at a farewell banquet in Manhattan, where she received through her fingers the words of a greeting from **Eleanor Roosevelt**.



HELEN KELLER & FRIEND
And so goodbye.

In the Orient, Dr. Keller will plug for expanded facilities for the physically handicapped.

Novelist **James T. Farrell** disclosed in Florida, where he is loafing and avoiding typewriters, that he has at last decided to sell the movie rights to his American hero, boozy, wench-chasing *Studs Lonigan*. Said he: "I wrote *Studs* when I was 25, and I've held off selling him for another 25 years. But the movies have now grown up enough to handle a big mischievous boy like *Studs*."

At the annual March of Dimes fashion show in Manhattan, well-known ladies from all walks of U.S. life dressed themselves in newly designed get-ups, paraded about the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-

Astoria to help raise money for a final victory over polio. Among the models were astutely beautiful **Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr.** (who displayed what Couturier Charles James called "the highest bust line in 125 years"), socially registered **Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney**, TV Star **Margaret Truman**, and split-bustled sometime Strip-teaser-Novelist **Gypsy Rose Lee**. Bubbled Gypsy: "I don't worry about shoes. When they start looking at my shoes, I'll retire."

Spain's great master **El Greco**—at the height of his powers in the 1590s—painted his famous *Pietà*, a study of Mary receiving the dead Christ at the foot of the Cross. Last week, after the *Pietà* had languished for 15 years in a Manhattan warehouse, a new owner was announced. The man whose \$300,000 was enough: Greek-born U.S. Shipping Magnate **Stavros Niarchos**, 45, who lent the *Pietà* indefinitely to Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum. Niarchos explained his generosity: "Having a painting like that in your own home creates some problems. It's so big that you would have to build a room around it."

The New York State Court of Appeals upheld the dismissal of a \$1,000,000 libel suit against onetime Communist courier **Whittaker Chambers**, author of the best-selling exposé of domestic Reds, *Witness*. The complainant: U.S. Artist **Willy Pogany**, whom Chambers erroneously described as the brother of Joseph Pogany, once (until Stalin liquidated him) Communist Hungary's puppet Commissar of War. A lower court had found that Chambers, in his mistaken identification, had not maliciously implied that Willy was closely associated with "a Communist leader and spy."

The British government reported that **Queen Elizabeth II's** coronation in June 1953 was quite economical. Expenses for the pomp and circumstance totaled



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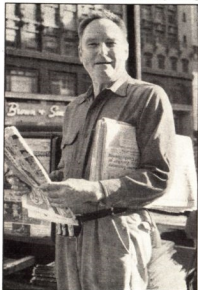
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\$3,376,800—\$235,735 less than its advance estimate. But the bargain performance was still Britain's most costly of modern times: King George VI's coronation in 1937 cost \$1,980,000, George V's, 26 years earlier, a mere \$897,250.

After her estranged husband, Dr. Lewis Morrill Jr., had invoked California's community property law in forthright manly fashion, voluptuous Cinemactress **Rhonda Fleming**, 31, moved out of their Hollywood home and into a hotel. Rhonda's reason: "He claimed he owned half the bed and broke down the boudoir door."

On a San Francisco street corner, Newsboy **Chester Alan Arthur III**, 53, balding grandson and namesake of the 21st President of the U.S., was busily peddling his papers as usual. Explaining



United Press

CHESTER A. ARTHUR III
Also presidential papers.

that he is working on a biography of Grandpa, Chester III added thoughtfully: "In any other line of work, I would be forced to carry home . . . worries and responsibilities."

Britain's garrulous **Lady Astor** arrived in Washington and, as is her custom, began laying down a barrage of epigrams, some of which fell upon Washington **Star** gossipist Betty Beale. Sample of Virginia-born Nancy Astor's uncoupled train of thought: "The only thing I like about rich people is their money." . . . Anybody can die for their country; people should live for their country . . . My vigor, vitality and cheek repel me. I am the kind of a woman I would run from."

* An epigram not to be confused with the one coined by Ernest Hemingway when the late F. Scott Fitzgerald enviously pointed out to him that "the rich are very different from you and me." Hemingway's reply: "Yes, they have more money."

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RELIGION

Report on M.R.A.

Dr. Frank Buchman, 76, always travels first class ("Isn't God a millionaire?" says he), but the road is often rough. In 1926, the Pennsylvania-born ex-Y.M.C.A. leader was asked to leave the Princeton campus because his famous meetings at which young followers eagerly confessed their private sins seemed the wrong sort of spiritual exercise for growing boys. But Dr. Frank kept marching on, smilingly proclaiming panaceas for war, Communism and evil of all kinds. Leader Buchman, whose followers have described his divine guidance as a kind of telephone conversation with God, always managed to find bright and wealthy followers to help him "change" the fellows (in the U.S.) and the chaps (in England).

But the brickbats kept coming, from people who did not like what they thought was a mixture of hucksterism and religion, or a deadly gift for oversimplification. Last week came the biggest brickbat in a long time—a report of the Social and Industrial Council of the Church of England on Buchman's Moral Re-Armament.

Falling in Love. The report, made by a committee of 18 clergy and laymen (two dissenting), criticizes M.R.A. on three counts: theology, psychology and social thinking. Theology it finds woefully wanting in M.R.A. "A certain blindness to the duty of thinking is a characteristic . . . We have at times been haunted by a picture of the movement, with its hectic heartiness, its mass gaiety and its reiterated slogans, as a colossal drive of escapism from . . . responsible living."

Buchmanites, says the report, tend to be guilty of using God. "They seem constantly to advocate courses of action for purely this-worldly reasons ('an idea that



Plc. Alan MacNow.

THE REV. REUBEN TORREY & PROTÉGÉ
Understanding in a helping hand.

will be more than a match for Communism . . .') and in general seem little concerned with the worship of God for His own sake . . . In a very real sense the individual falls in love with the group.

"M.R.A. fails to take the nature of politics seriously. This is basically because of the movement's strong emphasis on 'unselfishness' or 'love' as a personal quality, but without any like emphasis on 'justice' as a social quality . . ."

Filling a Need. "It was surely this that led Dr. Buchman, so it is alleged, to believe that through 'change' induced in Hitler there could come a 'God-controlled fascist dictatorship.' His error was not so much that his appraisal of Hitler was so naive . . . but that he failed to see . . . that dictatorship is not bad just because it has a bad man as dictator."

The Anglican report closes with a few blows against its own breast. M.R.A., it says, "is in its way a judgment on the Church. In spite of its deficiencies and even its dangers, it has filled a vacuum in the lives of many men and women who . . . have been bewildered by the vast problems of our age . . . But the vacuum should have been filled by a living and prophetic Christian faith, rooted in the life of the Church . . ."

One-Armed Mission

The army truck lurched on the rutted Chinese road, the tailgate of the truck ahead rushed up suddenly, the driver jumped, and there was a crash. When Reuben Torrey saw his mangled right arm he thought he might as well cut it off with a penknife right there. But they drove him eight miles to an aid station, then flew him 400 miles to a hospital. Then the doctors amputated. There was plenty of readjusting for Reuben Torrey to do after that, but it was during that first eight-mile ride that he came to grips with his new situation. "I knew I'd face

life maimed," he remembers, "but I knew the Lord still had work for me to do."

It turned out that the Lord had a special task for a one-armed missionary. "R.A.E." Man. The East is merciless to cripples. Their families hide them as a horror and disgrace, or turn them out to beg; they hop about on sticks, or crawl on all fours like maimed animals. Some 20,000 of these armless or legless were left in the wake of the Korean war. Three years ago a group of U.S. Christian missionaries set out to help them, and Amputee Torrey found the work for which his whole life seemed a proving ground.

Reuben Archer Torrey Jr. was born 67 years ago, son of a preacher who was head of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. After graduating from Princeton Theological Seminary, young Presbyterian Torrey asked to be sent out to Korea, but the Korea quota was full and he drew China instead. With his bride of four months, he arrived there in 1913, for the next 28 years worked out of the Presbyterian mission in Tsinan, Shantung Province. After World War II he served as a civilian liaison man between the U.S. forces and Chiang Kai-shek's army. It was on this tour of duty that he lost his arm.

By the time Missionary Torrey got to Korea three years ago he knew all the problems of an "R.A.E." (right, above elbow) case. He had studied the latest techniques at New York City's Institute for the Crippled and Disabled, and he arrived in Korea with three spare arms for himself, plus 60 second-hand legs and the makings—joints, screws, webbing, leather strapping, billets of English willow—for 80 more. He was also ready to set up a limb-manufacturing plant in Korea.

"We're trying to keep it all on a simple, practical level," Missionary Torrey explains. "We could speed limb-making with power machinery, but we don't. There's always the electric-power problem here,



New World News

DR. FRANK BUCHMAN
Pressure in a vacuum.



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"Yes, sir! I save time . . . I avoid the hazards and fatigue of long highway trips when I fly TWA and rent a Hertz car on arrival. Try it yourself and see."

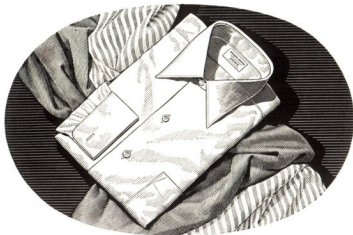


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BT 2-14

and this foreign interest in Korea isn't going to last forever. When supplies from abroad are cut off, then what? Everything we're using now we get locally."

Abundantly Satisfied. The Rev. Reuben Torrey now lives in Taejon near a model farm operated by the Methodists, Presbyterians, United Church of Canada, and Salvation Army, which devotes part of its area to showing amputees how they can lead active, useful lives. In South Korea there are now four prosthetic stations; Torrey and his fellow missionaries have fitted more than 800 artificial limbs and treated nearly 1,000 amputees. There is little likelihood that the work will diminish; land mines, unexploded shells, unguarded railway crossings, and the dearth of safety devices on machinery will bring thousands more to the clinic.

Inside the Taejon clinic one morning last week the homemade kerosene stove was a center of warmth and hope for a little huddle of maimed men. One sat with his stump tucked under him, an armless boy held his Bible in two hooks. Torrey slipped an elastic from around his Bible, parked it on his arm-hook, and then began reading the 36th Psalm:

*How excellent is thy loving kindness,
O God!*

*Therefore the children of men put their
trust under the shadow of thy wings.
They shall be abundantly satisfied . . .*

When it was over, a legless man nodded in Reuben Torrey's direction and whispered to a visitor from the U.S.: "We Koreans feel he's a man sent here by God."

Words & Works

¶ The Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, wondered publicly whether the U.S. is not getting too glib in talking about a "religious revival." The term is being "used too often, and too much is expected of it," he said to a church gathering in Omaha, Neb. "Too many of us have such great feelings about such little things. As in apostolic times, we will have to outlive, outthink and outdie the pagan world."

¶ Church membership figures released by the National Council of Churches for the period 1929-52 show a membership growth for the Roman Catholic Church of 50.7%, and for 18 large Protestant denominations of 42.7%.

¶ Dr. Adolfo Muñoz Alonso, Spanish theologian and philosophy professor at the University of Madrid, found some Protestant leaflets in his morning's mail and went off like a cobalt bomb. Such literature, he wrote in the Falangist daily *Arriba*, is "simply an insult. This is not a social and political outrage but something even more repulsive—a lack of consideration." Nowadays, he wrote, Protestantism is not even a faith. "Not a positive doctrine but a negative one. It is not an attempt at moral, spiritual or religious reform, nor an individualist explanation of the Gospel. Today Protestantism has lost all doctrinal basis and has argued itself into radical irrationalism . . ."

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Unretouched photograph of Plymouth Belvedere 4-door Sedan. Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels; furs by Maximilian.

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Amid the glowing, sumptuous appointments of this big car, any woman will feel like a jewel in a jewel box. Fabrics are

rich, varied, colorful. All the spacious interior—biggest in the low-price group—is Color-Tuned to this long, massive car's outer beauty.

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years, look at all 3. Allied with Plymouth beauty, you will find such superior engineering and craftsmanship that you will take great satisfaction in making Plymouth your reasoned choice.

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See it...drive it...today at your Plymouth dealer's...a great new car for the YOUNG IN HEART



TOMATOES

...and Tailor-Made Packaging

Nature protects many fine foods with hard shells or thick leathery coverings. But the luscious, juicy tomato is thin—totally unprepared for traveling.

With this handicap, plus a fleeting harvest season, the tomato would seem unlikely to attain wide use. Yet the magic of tailor-made packaging has made it one of the most popular of vegetables.

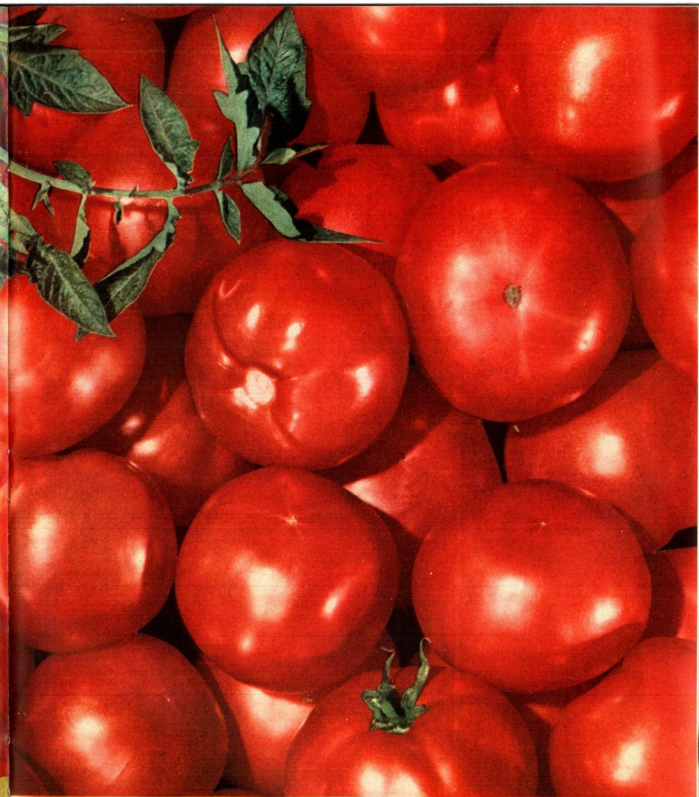
For fresh tomatoes, tailor-made packaging supplies transparent wrappings. These not only provide protection—but let shoppers see the tomatoes in all their glory while removing any temptation to pinch or squeeze.

For millions of tons of tomatoes which are processed annually, the versatile tin can has done wonders. Cans bring whole tomatoes, pulp, juice, purée, soup and sauce to the nation's tables, giving excitement and variety to meals all year round; also tempting meat, paste and other tomato combinations. And, of course, Continental scientists and technical men work with tomato packers across the country—follow the course of this versatile vegetable all the way from the vine.

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Old Forester in a snifter? Unusual, yes, but an interesting way to prove how wonderful a bourbon this is. Pour a few ounces of Old Forester into a snifter, the special glass that sharpens your taste judgment and most fully captures the aroma of this remarkable bourbon. Sipping slowly, you'll discover Old Forester's pleasant bouquet and full 100-proof flavor...you'll enjoy the rare excellence that explains why *only* Old Forester suggests such a test...and you'll know why it is constantly said of Old Forester, "There is nothing better in the market."

EDUCATION

Judgment Day

Even after 2½ years in the agriculture school of Oklahoma A. & M., Edwin Fisher, 20, could not help feeling nervous about what lay ahead. The big inter-collegiate livestock judging contest in Fort Worth is one of four major contests of the year, and top students from 16 campuses had come to Fort Worth to take part in it. On the night before, Eddie Fisher went early to his room at the Westbrook Hotel, read a chapter (*Judges* 7) from the Gideon Bible, turned off the light and tried to sleep.

Eddie had good reason to toss and turn. To any student who intends to spend his life as a stockman, a judging

a bit long-bodied; another was too narrow through the quarters; a third stood out as "a thick, typy heifer that had a lot of bloom." Each heifer had a number on its back, and Eddie jotted down in his notebook how he thought they should rank: 4,2,3,1.

The Quarter Horse mares nearly stumped him before the whistle blew that time was nearly up. He noted, unofficially, that Mare No. 1 was held by a blonde lady ("wide-brimmed hat, pony tail, fur coat, slacks and moccasins"), that the mare herself wasn't too bad either ("a sorrel, pretty well muscled, true in her movement"). Mare No. 2 looked as if she were going to bite or kick; No. 3 was "thick through the stifle," and No. 4



STOCKMAN FISHER (LEFT) AT AWARD CEREMONY®
Among the typy types, style and stifle.

Ed Miley

contest is more than just a game. It means days of extra training (six to eight hours a week, plus special workouts during holidays); it is as nerve-racking as a final exam, as grueling in its way as a Ph.D. oral. It is also a part of U.S. education that is duplicated nowhere else in the world. "What we're trying to teach the boys," says Livestock Expert George Reid, "is the sense of making a sound, systematic decision. That's useful in any walk of life, but if a boy is a rancher, buying stock or buying meat, this training applies specifically."

Take It Easy. The next day began at a ranch-style hour. By 6 a.m. Eddie and his teammates were headed for breakfast. By 7 they had gathered around their coach for last-minute instructions. Then, just before the boys took off for the exposition grounds, the coach shook each one by the hand. "Take it easy," he said. "Stand back, and take it easy."

From 8 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon, the 80 contestants shuffled silently around the stock. There were 13 classes to be judged, with four animals in each class. The trick was to rank them in their proper order. For Eddie, the Shorthorn heifers seemed easy. One looked

was "a deep chestnut, stylish, powerfully muscled." As Eddie passed along, he wrote his decision: 4,3,2,1.

Before the Experts. As the hours ticked away, Eddie judged the Quarter Horse studs, Angus heifers, Hereford bulls, Hereford heifers, Angus steers. At each class he stood back, then circled around the animals, felt for firmness and fat. He passed to the Southdown fat lambs, the Rambouillet ewes, the Hampshire ewes. Finally he moved to the swine area for the Duroc fat barrows, the Berkshire fat barrows and the Poland gilts. Of all the classes, the fat lambs troubled him most ("and I raise them at home").

Back in the hotel, the worst of the contest was still to come. Each contestant had to defend eight of his decisions before the experts. By 4 p.m. the 80 contestants gathered on the mezzanine, studied their notes, or stared into space until their names were called. One by one, they disappeared into a room to face a judge for one class, then came out two minutes later to wait for the judge of the next. Why, asked one judge, had Eddie ranked

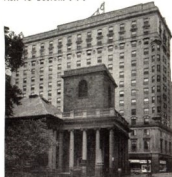
© With Oklahoma Coach Bob Totusek (right) and Contest Superintendent Rufus Peoples.

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. . . in addition — as long-time *Parker House guests will enthusiastically testify, there are other compelling reasons — the convenience of location in the heart of Boston, the impeccable service by a staff well trained in the Parker House tradition, the finest in modern hotel facilities, and last but by no means least, the lure of internationally renowned Parker House food as served in its several restaurants. No wonder is it that once a person stays at the Parker House it ever after becomes his or her Boston hotel headquarters.

No Secrets . . .

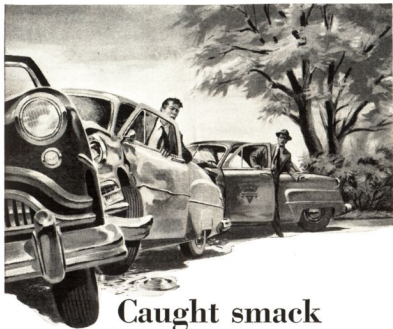
To Parker House president Glenwood J. Sherrard came a letter from a lady patron. Commenting on a recent stay at the hotel the letter read in part: "Your food is superb . . . I'd like to try to duplicate at home (a) your Parker House Lobster Stew (b) your Filet of Sole a la Parker (c) your Parker House Boston Baked Beans — but I suppose these recipes are secrets!" . . . By return mail to the petitioner went the three recipes with the reply, "Parker House recipes are not secret and are available to you or to anyone else who asks or writes for them . . . ambitious cooks are warned that achieving the well known food triumphs of Parker House chefs is no simple task — but we wish you the best of luck."

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*How Hartford Insurance took care of
the trouble our salesman's car got us into*

(Based on Company File #NY25KAL2433-5)

Two cars had stopped for a traffic light in an Indiana city. Behind them came one of our salesmen driving a company car.

Our man misjudged his distance. He crashed into the rear car, ramming it into the convertible ahead.

The man caught in the middle, a manufacturer's representative from Michigan, sustained a severe back injury. He was able to get home all right, but couldn't travel his territory for several months.

The owner of the convertible was a Missouri resident. He wasn't hurt. But his car was badly damaged.

Now, our company's main office is in Ohio. So you can see we might have been chasing all over the map to get this trouble straightened out.

Fortunately, we didn't have to. Our Automobile Liability Insur-

ance is in the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, and the Hartford organization handled all the details. In Indiana. In Missouri. In Michigan. And handled them all beautifully, I might add. They paid for the car damage. And they made good to the Michigan man for his medical expenses and his loss of earnings while disabled, a total of \$5500. Both claimants expressed themselves as completely satisfied with the prompt, considerate treatment they received.

When I look back, I realize what a good thing it was for everybody concerned that we have our insurance with the Hartford. There's a company with the facilities to give first-rate claim service wherever you happen to need it! To my mind, that's a mighty important feature of Hartford protection.



Hartford

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the Hereford heifers 3, 1, 4, 2? Said Eddie: "Well, although No. 3 toed in front, and was wasty about her front, she was the typiest and the beefiest . . . I grant that No. 1 stands straighter on her front legs, but I placed her second and criticized her because she was a light-boned heifer." And so it went—until 8 p.m.

It was not until the next day at lunch that the judges announced the results. Top team: Oklahoma A. & M., with 4,778 points to Iowa State's 4,775. Eddie had placed eight classes perfectly, had four "switches" (i.e., switched two animals) and one "bust" (i.e., placed one animal two positions off, thus shoving two others out of place). His score: 985—the highest of any of the 80 contestants.

Report Card

¶ In St. Louis last week, officials happily announced that the city's 14,000 public high-school students had had their first experience with desegregation. Incidents reported: none.

¶ If all goes according to plan, said Lieut. General Hubert Harmon last week, cadets of the new Air Force Academy will be the "best-dressed and sharpest-looking men ever to be in the uniform of the U.S. military service." The proposed designer of their new uniform: Hollywood's master of spectacle, Cecil B. DeMille.

¶ In the Washington (D.C.) *Star*, Chairman Samuel Burr Jr. of American University's department of education had a few sharp words to say on the subject of competition in the modern public school. After all, said he, "only the best football players are members of the varsity squad . . . There is competition for the cast of the annual play . . . It seems that quite a different view of the national desire to excel applies in the English, algebra, history and chemistry classes . . . We have exalted the average man. We have made it appear that the middle of the scale is the appropriate place for Americans to stand."

¶ Election of the week: Charles H. Silver, 66, Manhattan's tireless toastmaster and backer of good causes, by his fellow board members, as New York City's president of the Board of Education. Born in Rumania, Silver was brought to Manhattan's East Side slums before he was three, at 15 went to work as an office boy at the American Woolen Co. for \$2.50 a week, rose to become vice president at more than \$100,000 a year. A man who has been known to raise as much as \$2,000,000 at a single banquet ("I always eat at home first"), he has had a career that equals anything in Horatio Alger. He has turned down the chance to run for mayor, comptroller, president of the city council, president of the borough of Manhattan, and lieutenant governor; he has served as president, vice president, overseer, trustee, director, or board member of everything from the Urban League and the Jewish Theological Seminary to Beth Israel Hospital, the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Foundation, and Yeshiva University. Now, though he never went to college, Charles Silver will be senior trustee to the largest (900,000 pupils) school system in the world.



The Stratofortress program—full speed ahead

More than two and a half years have passed since America thrilled to the news that the world's greatest bomber—the eight-jet Boeing B-52—had made its first flight. What has happened in the meantime? Where are these global giants today and how is their production program progressing?

The fact is that exceptional progress is being made in readying the B-52 for duty. The intensive flight-test program has been most successful. B-52s are rolling off the line on schedule at

Seattle, and Boeing's Wichita Division is rapidly tooling up to become a second source of production.

A key factor in this progress is Boeing's organizational strength. The company brings to the job immense resources of engineering man power, research facilities and manufacturing ability. Through its experience in designing and building multi-jet aircraft, unmatched anywhere in the world, Boeing has made outstanding advances in reducing the time lag between design

and delivery of such a complex weapon as the B-52.

Nearly 8,000 hours of aerodynamic research in the company's own wind tunnel have saved years of costly time in getting the big bomber into the air and into production.

Today's eight-jet B-52 Stratofortress can fly faster than 600 mph, can operate above 50,000 feet and has intercontinental range. It is a powerful deterrent to aggression—a mighty weapon in the arsenal of freedom.

BOEING

SPORT



MILE-WINNER NIELSEN (GRAPPLING IN BACKGROUND: Santee & DWYER)
A roughhouse in three-quarter time.

Runners' Rhubarb

Ever since Kansan Wes Santee started down the track on the trail of the four-minute mile, his timers have been hard put to decide which moved faster, his feet or his mouth. When he was beaten, he always had an alibi. When he won an event, he was always willing to declare that he could go still faster. After running away from Denmark's Gunnar Nielsen in Boston a fortnight ago, and setting a world's indoor-mile mark (4:03.8) in the process, Wes announced that he still thought he could cover the distance in four minutes. If some obliging soul set a fast-enough pace, Wes might even turn the trick in his next race: the Wanamaker Mile in Manhattan's Millrose Games.

Sharp Tactician. Last week Wes got just the kind of pacing he wanted. When the gun sounded to start the Wanamaker Mile in Madison Square Garden, Northeastern's Dick Ollen took off like a late commuter after the 8:17. He stepped off a snappy 2:00.6 first half. Then Wes Santee, the lanky (6 ft. 1 in.) Kansas cowboy with the choppy stride, moved up to take over. But what Wes had forgotten was that he was running against men as well as the clock. On the cramped boards of an indoor track, a competitor's flying elbows can turn the fastest race into a time-consuming roughhouse.

Moving along with Santee came Gunnar Nielsen and 1953's winner, Fred Dwyer, now running for the armed forces. Neither one was a bit impressed by Wes Santee's predictions; neither one was conceding the race. On the last lap, the sorrel-topped Copenhagen printer made his move. Pumping furiously, he swung wide on the turn and started to move into the lead. A sharp tactician when the occasion calls

for it, Santee moved out from the pole to force Nielsen still wider.

Then Dwyer decided to gamble. He kicked forward and tried to edge past Santee on the inside. The Kansan promptly moved back and nudged him off the track. Dwyer retaliated with a smart jab, missed and wound up with his arms wrapped around Santee's middle. Hugging each other and spinning around in an awkward, impromptu waltz, the two runners staggered toward the finish line.

Silly Shenanigans. Nielsen, meanwhile, was out in front, and running the best race of his career. Almost unnoticed, while the crowd concentrated on the shenanigans behind him, he whisked past the tape in 4:03.6, fastest indoor mile ever.

After that, even Wes had little to say. "An unfortunate incident," was all he could manage. "I hope it was just an accident." Dwyer, disqualified for stepping off the track, managed this time to out-talk his rivals: "When Santee went wide, I tried to come through, and I thought there was plenty of room. Santee grabbed my shoulder with 20 yards to go, and when I turned to push him off, the same motion carried my arms around his waist."

The sellout crowd saw an impressive performance in almost every event. Items: **Q** Bob Richards, the pole-vaulting parson, cleared 15 ft. 2 in., to top Cornelius Warmerdam's twelve-year-old Millrose record by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Q Harrison ("Ol' Bones") Dillard, 31, only man besides Richards to win a Millrose event nine years in a row, skimmed the 60-yd. high hurdles in 0:07.2, to tie the meet record.

Q Mal Whitfield, still out of condition after his good-will tour for the State Department (TIME, Feb. 7), held on to

his 600-yd. title by diving onto the boards and skidding past the finish line in 1:10.8. **Q** Norway's Audun Boysen romped home in the 880-yd. run and set a new meet record: 1:51.

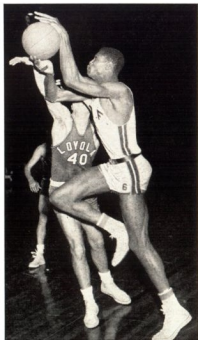
Dons on Defense

Even home-town fans could scarcely believe it: this week the University of San Francisco Dons were firmly established as the second-ranking basketball team in the nation. Ahead of the Dons, Kentucky's whimpering Wildcats had just blown a game to unranked Georgia Tech (65-59) for the second time this season. San Francisco's Dons, who specialize in holding their opponents down to low, losing scores, seemed to be moving no place but up.

Not since 1949, when their team won the National Invitation Tournament, have the Dons been able to hold up their heads in the national standing. After its N.I.T. success, the little (2,515 students) Jesuit university on Ignatian Heights lost Coach Pete Newell to the high-priced payroll of Michigan State, its champions were graduated and there was neither the money nor the organization to recruit replacements.

On the Defense. The new coach, Phil Woolpert, from nearby St. Ignatius High School, was a disappointing dissenter. In an era when basketball seemed to belong to hopped-up, high-scoring crowd pleasers, Woolpert stubbornly insisted that defense was still the most important part of basketball. His boys spent a lot of time practicing the unspectacular arts of blocking shots and bottling up their opposition.

It takes two years for a man to learn



Bill Young—San Francisco Chronicle
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Woolpert's meticulous defense, and not until this season were the Dons able to field a whole team that could live up to his theories. "If your opponents can't shoot, they can't score," he kept telling his players. Statistics bore him out. In their first 15 games the Dons allowed their opponents an average of 49.7 points a game. They had little trouble scoring an average of 65.9 points themselves. Only once were the Dons beaten—by U.C.L.A., in U.C.L.A.'s cracker-box gym. In a return match in San Francisco the Dons ran up 56 points, while holding U.C.L.A. to a scant 44.

Muscular Morale. For all their defensive excellence, the Dons this year also pack an offensive wallop. Much of its muscle is hidden in the skinny (6 ft. 10 in., 210 lbs.) frame of Bill Russell, 20, a happy-go-lucky Oakland Negro. A tireless, ambidextrous string bean, Russell is the Dons' high scorer (more than 300 points), but he still prefers Woolpert's style of defensive play. "Heck," he says, "I'd rather block a shot any day than score. It seems to do more for team morale."

It also does something to the opposition's morale. Russell's breaking out of nowhere to stretch out a ham hand and ruin a sure basket can take the heart out of the best players around. Once he got warmed up, he and his teammates hardly had to exert themselves last week to gobble up Loyola (65-55) and St. Mary's (69-48) on successive nights.

"This is a hungry team," said Coach Woolpert as he began to think about postseason tournaments. "Their appetites are such that they can do a lot of eating before they're filled up."

Scoreboard

¶ In Oklahoma City, Allie Reynolds, 37, the reliable righthander whose pitching helped win six pennants for the New York Yankees, retired from baseball. His arm still packed its old power, explained the Big Chief, but his back, injured in a 1953 bus accident, was in bad shape. Doctors had warned that it would not stand up to another season of professional baseball.

¶ In Nassau, B.W.I., more than 48 hours after leaving Miami, the 39-ft. yawl *Hoot Mon* (skipped by Lockwood Pirie, a reformed Star-boat sailor) drifted across the finish line in the slowest Miami-Nassau race on record and won that blue-water championship for the second year running.

¶ At Hanover, N.H., after joining his teammates in a clean sweep in the slalom and downhill races, Dartmouth's Chiharu Igaya of Japan turned up as a surprise entrant in the jump, soared into fourth place with fine form and helped Dartmouth to easy victory at the college's 45th Winter Carnival.

¶ On Australia's Adelaide cricket pitch, England's speed-ball bowlers dropped Australian wickets like ninpins, won the deciding test match by five wickets and kept the Ashes, symbol of international cricket superiority.

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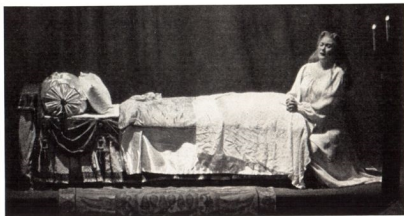
MUSIC

Tall Diva

As a schoolgirl in Parma, Renata Tebaldi used to imagine her dream man: he would have the voice of a Beniamino Gigli and the build of a Clark Gable. As she grew older, she developed a superb soprano voice and a tall (5 ft. 10 in.), statuesque build. Last week world-famous Soprano Tebaldi made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera opposite Tenor Mario Del Monaco (5 ft. 8½ in.), who—though highly gifted—is neither a Gigli in voice nor a Gable in height. Soprano Tebaldi (as Desdemona) seemed to tower over

Top Jock

What makes a pop record pop? The man who writes catchy tunes, say the men who write them. The artists who give it an attractive performance, say the record companies. There are also experts who claim that the disk jockey, who does nothing but spin the platter and talk it up on the radio, is the most important of all. Of the 2,000-odd deejays, a scant dozen wield the bulk of influence. They are strategically situated in such cities as Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, which are unaccountably



SOPRANO TEBALDI (AS DESDEMONA)
The kiss was a comedown.

Sedgwick LeBlond

Tenor Del Monaco (as Othello). At a particularly tender moment in Verdi's powerful opera, he had to get up on a step to kiss her.

Nevertheless, it was a loudly cheered debut. Majestically handsome and graceful, Soprano Tebaldi at first let her voice get hard and edgy in the climaxes. Even so, her phrasing was such a delicate tracery of lovely lights and shades that the other singers sounded colorless by comparison. In the last act, she finally showed why she is compared with such legendary sopranos as Galli-Curci and Claudia Muzio: she sang parts of *Willow, Willow, the Ave Maria*, and particularly her dying phrases, with ravishing warmth and richness.

Soprano Tebaldi's forte is her pianissimo. Daughter of a Pesaro cellist, she finished off her studies in Parma with famed Soprano Carmen Melis, who took her in hand and taught her how to float those vivid tones. She made her big-time debut the night La Scala reopened after the war, singing in a concert under Arturo Toscanini. Her specialty is 19th century Italian pulse-bumpers, but Renata is a placid, hard-working woman who says she does not really like to sing passionate heroines. How will her Aida sound next week at the Met? Not too passionate, she says. Aida, so Toscanini convinced her, is really a mild woman, essentially just "a very good daughter."

sensitive (but not New York, Chicago or Los Angeles, which follow along more slowly). When a tune catches the fancy of such cities, its chances of national success soar. Manufacturers sprint into action to "cover" it with their own versions and open heavy promotion campaigns. For the past year, the top U.S. deejay has been Cleveland's Bill Randle, 31, a confident, prepossessing fellow who spins his tunes six afternoons a week (from 2 to 7 p.m. on station WERE).

Crew-Cut for Sh-Boom. Disk Jockey Randle has predicted every tune but one^o that appeared among the first five best-sellers in 1954. For years he has also discovered and masterminded tunes and stars. Examples:

♣ In 1951 he heard Singer Johnnie Ray in a Cleveland spot, plugged his record (*Whisky and Gin*) until Ray caught on, and sent him on his way.

♣ A year ago, he heard a struggling male quartet called the Canadaires. He clipped their names and changed their names to the Crew-Cuts, fixed them up with a tune (*Crazy 'Bout You Baby*) and sweet-talked Mercury into releasing it. It smashed, and so did their *Sh-Boom*; this

♾ One of the biggest hits of the year, *I Need You Now*, which he still can't see. Randle also predicted a group called the Penguins would never hit, but their version of *Earth Angel* last week was No. 8 on *The Billboard's* bestseller chart; the Crew-Cuts' was No. 19.

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week another Crew-Cuts tune that Randle heard on an obscure label, a noisy item called *Ko Ko Mo*, is riffing its way up the bestselling ladder.

Later last year he got his hands on one of the few copies in the U.S. of a South African ditty called *Skokiaan*, and talked the major labels into recording it. It became one of the year's biggest hits.

Just Merchandise. Randle's explanation of his success: "I'm constantly getting a mass of records. I weed out those that are obviously bad and play the rest on my program to get listener reaction. Then I feed the results into a machine. I'm the machine. I'm a Univac. It's so accurate that I can tell my listeners 'This tune will be No. 1 in four weeks.'" A tune must have certain universal appeal, says Randle, usually primitive rhythm or words



DEEJAY RANDLE
The touch is a lift.

that express what "everybody has in common, sentiment that ranges from the most innocent to the most hardened."

Detroit-born Bill Randle expects to make \$100,000 this year from 102 sponsors, drives a Jaguar and hopes to conquer New York City (he already has one weekly spot on WCBS). To keep in touch with his audience, mostly teen-agers, he makes constant personal appearances at high-school assemblies, roller-skating rinks and dance halls. On his program he has become an expert at the suspense buildup. At 4 p.m. he will announce: "Coming up in about an hour, we've got a record we think is phenomenal, tremendous." At 4:30: "I've been deluged with calls to play it now. It's tremendous. But I'm going to hold off for a while." Finally: "Now here it is."

Does he like the things he plays? Not at all. "I'm a complete schizophrenic about this," he says cheerfully. "I'm in the business of giving the public what it wants. This stuff is simply merchandise, and I understand it."

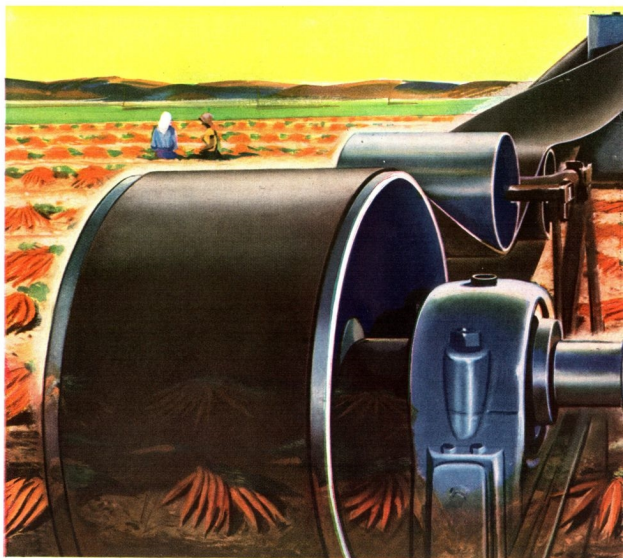


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How to buy Crop Insurance..

Growing problem for many farmers in the Southwest is round-the-clock irrigation. A few hours under blistering sun without water can ruin the healthiest crops. Such was the case with one Arizona farmer who relied on deep wells to keep his fields green.

Trouble was the heart of his system—a 3,000-gallon-per-minute pump—constantly kicked over its traces. Its drive was too short for ordinary flat belts to handle its rugged quarter-turn. *No belt lasted over four months.* And to redesign the drive to avoid breakdown during the nine-month season would cost \$5,000.

How to insure the crop, without this expenditure, was the problem given the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

After studying the drive, the G.T.M. recommended the revolutionary new COMPASS HD Transmission Belt—the world's first flat belt built with endless, Triple-Tempered (3-T) Cord, developed by Goodyear Research.

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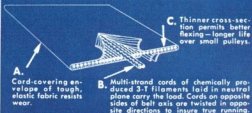
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Atomic Dump

Britain's Atomic Energy Authority told last week what it is doing with the radioactive wastes from its nuclear reactors: it dumps the worrisome stuff into the ocean 200 miles southeast of Land's End, where the continental shelf dips steeply away and the bottom of the Atlantic is 12,000 ft. down.

This is the Authority's second attempt to shed some of its embarrassing wastes. Looking for a likely wasteland in densely populated Britain, it first picked the Forest of Dean on the Welsh border, where the rugged surface is pocked with long-abandoned coal mines. The Authority innocently assumed that no one would object if it slipped a little mildly "hot" material into a moss-grown shaft.

The Authority was wrong: the very suggestion stirred up a hullabaloo. The Forest of Dean Miners (who mine no coal) met in council to resist any atomic invasion of their ancient diggings. Nature lovers deployed behind them, fearful of what might happen to the birds and beasts of the forest. Titled voices were raised in majestic wrath.

Retreating in disorder, the Authority built a remotely controlled apparatus to load its most dangerous wastes into massive concrete cylinders lined with steel. Before fishermen and ocean lovers could organize in opposition, the Authority loaded 1,500 tons of the sealed drums on an ammunition ship and sank them in the atomic dump off Land's End. There they will be safe from the deepest trawling nets, and long before their skins have corroded away, the radioactive stuff inside them will have become harmless.

Straight-Up Jet

An odd aircraft has been flying, rather tentatively, at Niagara Falls, N.Y., over the past few weeks. It looks like a light private plane with a bulky ascan suspended under each wing, and helicopter skids instead of wheels. Last week Bell Aircraft Corp. told how it works. It is a jet-powered VTOL (vertical take-off and landing), and Bell believes that from it will develop jet fighters and transports that can rise like helicopters from a small patch of ground, then turn themselves into normal-flying airplanes.

Bell's VTOL has a glider's fuselage and the wing of a light commercial airplane. Hung under the wings on swivels are two small jet engines made by Fairchild for use in drone targets and guided missiles. Each weighs 300 lbs. and has 1,000 lbs. of static thrust. Since the whole airplane, engines and all, weighs only about 2,000 lbs., the twin jets, directed downward, can lift it vertically off the ground. Controlling a craft that rises in this manner is a tricky business. Even more tricky is converting it to horizontal flight.

Air Blobs. Bell's VTOL has conventional controls (ailerons and tail surfaces) for use when flying horizontally. These do

not work when the craft has no forward speed, so tubes of compressed air from the engines' compressors are carried out to the tail and the wingtips. The pilot controls the plane's attitude on the rise or descent by varying the strength of the air blast from the ends of the tubes.

Pilot David W. Howe trained for his job of testing the vertically rising jet by learning how to fly a helicopter.* With this experience behind him, he says, he had no trouble at all. The little VTOL, with its engines turned downward, rises easily off the ground. Speed of ascent is controlled by varying the speed of the engines, and the plane is kept on an even keel by juggling the air jets. When it is clear of obstacles, Pilot Howe gets his nose down and picks up flying speed. Then



BELL'S VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRPLANE

Tricky between up and over.

United Press

he swivels the engines so that their thrust is directed backward. This maneuver takes about 15 seconds, and when it is complete, the VTOL is flying horizontally like a normal jet plane.

At Home in the Air. Pilot Howe makes landing sound just as easy. "The pilot," he says, "merely selects the spot where he wants to land. He brings the VTOL to a hovering position—and lands." According to him, the VTOL is as at home in the air as a dragonfly. It can hover indefinitely, its engines blasting downward. It can fly backward and sideways and spin like a waltzing mouse.

Bell does not say much about the VTOL's speed and cargo capacity. The present model, the company explains, was put together from existing components to prove that a jet plane can really rise like a helicopter. A more advanced model is being designed, and Bell believes that the swiveled-engine principle will eventually be used in both military and commercial airplanes.

* He also used to work for the Otis Elevator Co.

Earliest Village?

Human history passed a critical transition when wandering hunters settled down in permanent villages. Archaeologists have reason to believe that this experiment in communal living was made for the first time in Iraq or Iran. Dr. Robert Braidwood of the University of Chicago has reported finding in northern Iraq a village so crude that it seems to be close to the ancient transition point.

Attracted by pottery fragments to a low mound with the native name of M'lefaat, the diggers found relatively recent remains in the upper layers of dirt. Farther down they found something entirely different: filled-in pit houses rather like those that American Indians were building about the time of Columbus. Some of the houses had circular walls of mortarless stone and floors covered with hard-

packed pebbles. Inside were crude hearths.

Dug up with the pit houses were stone implements, including axes, mortars and pestles; but more interesting to the archaeologists were the things they did not find. There were no flint-edged sickles, no pottery, no decorative work of any kind. All these items were plentiful in the next-oldest village (Jarmo) that the Chicago diggers found in 1948, 100 miles from M'lefaat. So the people who lived in the pit houses must have been much cruder than the neighboring Jarmo people, who are believed to have founded their village 7,000 years ago.

Dr. Braidwood is not sure whether the pit-house dwellers were truly agricultural. Their mortars proved that they ground some sort of grain, but they may have collected wild seeds instead of planting crops. He hopes to have some sort of answer to this question after the dirt of M'lefaat has been sifted for fragments of grain and other meaningful trifles. Even without this evidence, it looks as if M'lefaat may be one of man's earliest attempts to live in a permanent community.

MEDICINE

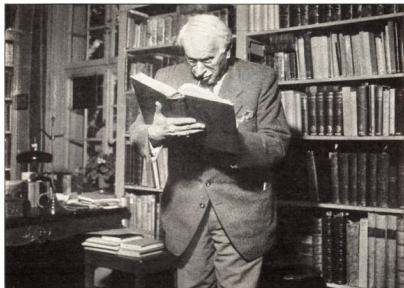
The Old Wise Man

(See Cover)

Freud, Adler and Jung—these names personify, above all others, modern man's restless exploration of his own mind, his struggles for self-knowledge and for control of his darkest drives. In the 20th century, impelled by the detailed theory and dogma of the Big Three, psychology has burst out of consulting room and clinic, spreading all through life and leaving nothing untouched—neither love nor the machine, war nor politics, neither art nor morals nor God. Of the three pioneers who built this Age of Psychology, Freud and Adler are dead. The third, Carl Gus-

trasensory perception and the cave drawings of prehistoric man, along with an estimated 100,000 dreams. But when Dr. Jung is accused of having left medicine for mysticism, he replies that psychiatry must take into account all of man's experience, from the most intensely practical to the most tenuously mystical.

If the details of his work are sometimes foggy, his overall purpose is clear: to help man live at peace with his unconscious. That is the aim also of the other "depth psychologists," but Jung significantly differs from the others. He is a constant challenge to the legacy of his old master, Sigmund Freud, whose teachings have affected man's view of himself more deeply



CARL JUNG AT HOME

Yoga, alchemy, fairy tales, cave drawings and 100,000 dreams.

tav Jung, is still at 79 tirelessly adventuring through the vast reaches of the psyche.

Last week, wreathed by pipe smoke that swirled through his thinning white hair and gave him the aspect of a medieval alchemist, Jung was busy in the study of his old-fashioned, high-ceilinged house at Küssnacht on Lake Zurich. The three-volume work on which he was dotting the last "i" seemed strange for a modern psychiatrist: *Representation of the Problems of Opposites in Medieval Natural Philosophy*. "Pretty abstruse, huh?" said Jung to a visitor. Then laughter rocked his heavy shoulders. "I must laugh! I have such a hell of a trouble to make people see what I mean."

For a man who has added such words as *introvert*, *extravert* and *complex* (in its psychological meaning) to the party patter of millions, Jung has indeed great difficulty in making people see what he means. That is partly because he has explored yoga, alchemy, fairy tales, the tribal rites of the Pueblo Indians, German romantic philosophers, Zen Buddhism, ex-

than anything since Darwin's theory of evolution by natural selection.

The Freudian View. Through most of the Christian era, the healing of the mind was considered part of the realm of the soul. The Enlightenment abolished the soul. Its place was taken, in the minds of millions, by reason, which stood atop a quaking pile of instincts.

When Freud was a young man, scientific inquiry and materialism ruled even in psychiatry. Research was aimed at finding physiological causes for psychic effects. Freud's great contribution was his discovery of the unconscious mind, the source of human drives that did not fit into this narrow system.

But Freud still clung to the mechanical and material scientism of his age. He constructed a new, detailed, machine-like scheme of the mind. The steam that made the machine run was sexual energy or libido. In Freud's view, the unconscious was cluttered with emotional material, commonly thought of as forgotten but actually repressed because of a conflict

between sex-powered drives and personal or social standards of what is acceptable. Freud concluded that to rid patients of their neuroses, he had to dredge up the repressed material and expose it to the cleansing processes of the conscious mind. The Freudian concept of libido was eventually broadened to include love, friendship, even devotion to abstract ideas. But Freud narrowly insisted that the infantile parricide-and-incense wish which he called the Oedipus Complex was crucially important in all human beings. As Jung bitingly put it: "The brain is viewed as an appendage of the genital glands."

Vienna's Alfred Adler, an early disciple of Freud, soon rejected this sex-is-everything view, and formulated his theory that human beings are propelled more by drives for power because of inherent feelings of inferiority. But in the Freudian world, the human being stands alone, without a will to make free moral choices, conditioned by mysterious urges and traumas over which he has no control. Creative work, good deeds, ambition are only "sublimation." Religion is usually a form of neurosis; God is a projection of the Father image.

It is against this view of life, this "psychology without a psyche," that Jung protests in all his work.

The Jungian Answer. Man's unconscious, argues Jung, is not merely a trash basket for disagreeable experiences thrown away by the conscious mind, but a vast subterranean storehouse full of both good and evil. For the most part the eternal human affections, aspirations and fears are just what they seem to be. Religion is not a neurosis, in Jung's view; it is a deeply and universally felt human need.

Jung concedes great merit to Freud, believes his methods work with some patients, notably younger ones with real sexual problems. But, says Jung, both Freud and Adler say to everything, "You are nothing but . . ." They explain to the sufferer that his symptoms come from here or there and are "nothing but" this or that . . . Sexuality, it is true, is always and everywhere present; the instinct for power certainly does penetrate the heights and the depths of the soul; but the soul itself is not solely either the one or the other, or even both together . . . A person is only half understood when one knows how everything in him came about. Only a dead man can be explained in terms of the past . . . Life is not made up of yesterdays only . . ."

Jung's view is gaining increasing respect among intellectuals, clergymen, ordinary laymen. It is also reflected among analysts.* Most analysts are dedicated Freudians who run their profession as a kind of closed shop and dismiss Jung as an escapist from life's harsh realities. But there is a constant splintering: besides the Jungians and Adlerians, there is a whole spectrum of deviationists—follow-

* Freud and his followers have always insisted that the name "psychoanalysis" belongs properly only to their theory and method. Adler called his "individual psychology"; Jung's is "analytical psychology."

ers of Karen Horney, Otto Rank, Erich Fromm, Harry Stack Sullivan, Franz Alexander, Melanie Klein. There are also more and more eclectics who derive most of their theory from Freud but add a little of Jung or Adler or a dash of Horney and Sullivan. Many of them nowadays admit that Freudian analysis may have been too narrowly based on sexual drives, and that other matters—even religion—ought perhaps to be considered. Writes Milton Sapirstein, an analyst of the Freudian school: "More and more, psychiatrists seem prepared to accept the dependencies of religion, social causes and group movements as healthy and needful, without labeling them 'sublimated homosexuality' to a father figure, or a desire to return to the mother's womb."

Freud was the Columbus who discovered the hemisphere of the unconscious. Jung may well be the Magellan to circumscribe the whole sphere of the psyche.

Double Unconscious. In the Jungian hypothesis, the mind has three layers: 1) the *conscious*, which is just about what everybody thinks it is; 2) the *personal unconscious* (corresponding, but only approximately, to Freud's unconscious), into which go forgotten facts and repressed emotional material; and 3) the *collective unconscious*, which is part of the heritage of the entire human race, and therefore a sort of common pool containing the instincts and some patterns for mental behavior.

What drives the psychic machine? *Libido*, says Jung, but he uses the word differently from Freud: Jung's libido includes all psychic energy. It can flow, says Jung, in either of two directions, in either of two dimensions. When it is flowing forward, from the unconscious to the conscious, a man feels that life is running smoothly as he goes about his business. Psychic energy must also flow in reverse, from the conscious to the unconscious, as when a man relaxes from an active to a pensive or dreamy state. But if this backward flow lasts too long, the libido is being attracted to something in the unconscious that is stirring toward consciousness. If this is not made conscious,

it will attract around it similar material which then forms a knot or *complex*.

Psychic energy may also flow inward or outward. If in an individual it usually goes outward, he is an *extravert*. When he perceives an object or situation, his first reaction is to project his energy onto the object and away from himself. But if it flows inward, he is an *introvert*, and his first reaction is along the lines of "What will this do to me?"

Jung then breaks down personality types into four classes, depending on which of the major psychic functions they rely on most heavily: *sensation, thinking, feeling or intuition*. Since anybody can be either extraverted or introverted in combination with any of the four main functions, Jung recognizes eight basic personality types. But he has said repeatedly—unfortunately for the thick-tongued dogmatism of cocktail-party conversation—that everybody is enough of a mixture so that the labels are only a rough guide.



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JUNG'S PERSONA

"You've made me very happy."

course, the patterns are differently arranged. (Jung compares this to the body, which is composed of the same organs in all human beings, but with significant individual variations.)

Usually classified as the most obvious archetype—although it belongs largely to the conscious—is the *persona*. This was the Roman actor's word for the mask he wore to indicate his assumed character, and Jung uses it in much the same sense: the face which each individual presents to his surroundings. It involves a certain amount of necessary and healthy play-acting, easing the relations between a man's inner world and the world around him. The persona is injurious only when it dominates the true personality beneath.

One danger then is that the persona will blind a man to the existence of his own shadow. This shadow, part of the personal unconscious, is the Mr. Hyde in every Dr. Jekyll, the inferior or evil element that wants to do what the conscious or the conscience forbids. It is necessary to control the shadow, but there is danger: the more firmly it is stamped upon, the greater the force with which it will eventually erupt.

Anima, Earth-Mother & Self. Deeper in the collective unconscious, Jung sees the *anima*, an embodiment of the "female principle" in man. By this Jung means all the traits in man conventionally considered female, e.g., gentleness and appreciation of the finer things, but also pettiness and rage. More importantly, the anima also enables man to "apprehend the nature of women"—it is the unconscious image of what a woman ought to be. This may range from Helen of Troy to Rider Haggard's *She* to the 20-year-old red-haired actress with whom an elderly university professor runs off. The anima, explains a Jung disciple, "has attributes that appear and reappear through the ages . . . She always looks young, though there is often a suggestion of years of experience . . . She is wise, but not formidably so; it is rather that 'something strangely meaningful—something like secret knowledge . . . clings to her.'" When



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ADLER'S COMPENSATION

"It's just a knock."

In fact, there are some rare souls who defy classification at all.

Archetypes for All. Things are not so simple in the Jungian unconscious. There, Jung sees a host of symbols which represent the *archetypes*. In writing of them, Jung, who has a vivid style and imagination, sometimes sounds almost as if he were writing about living beings. But the Jung archetypes are simply ancient patterns of human experience and feeling, repeated over and over in all ages and cultures. They occur in two principal forms: 1) in individual thoughts, dreams and visions; 2) projected as myths, customs or faiths.

When Jung started out as a practicing analyst, he found again and again that ancient symbols and rituals were repeated in the dreams of 20th century patients who could not possibly have heard or read of them. He concluded that mankind's collective unconscious 1) prefigures the evolution of the conscious part of the mind, and 2) forms the same basic patterns repeatedly. In each individual, of



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FREUD'S ADJUSTMENT

"Return to normal."

this image is projected on a flesh-and-blood woman, a man falls in love, but trouble arises when she fails to fit his unconscious prefab design.

Corresponding to the anima in the female is the *animus*, the embodiment of all male characteristics in a woman, and her collective, inherited image of man.

Next most important among the archetypes are the *old wise man* and the *earth-mother*. The old wise man may appear in dreams or fantasies as a king or hero, medicine man, magician or savior (to Dr. Jung's patients, he often appears as Dr. Jung). A little of this, Jung holds, is good: every man has in him the seeds of greatness; and it is well for him to be aware of it. But a man abnormally receptive to the idea may turn into the leader of a wild-eyed revivalist sect, with messianic delusions, or a Hitler, or simply a madhouse Napoleon.

The corresponding feminine archetype is the earth-mother—the very source of life. But if a woman becomes “inflated” with the idea, and sees herself endowed with an unmatched capacity for understanding the problems of others, she may become a super-gooder, or tighten her circle of mothering influence until it strangles the objects of her devotion.

Finally, towering over a host of lesser archetypes, is the transcendent *Self*. This embodies elements from both conscious and unconscious, from all the archetypes, good and evil. It is a symbol of oneness such as is found in many religions, e.g., the Hindu *atman*.

Jung's concept of the *Self* leads into the all-important process which he calls *individuation*. This is the sort of wholeness which Jung found many of his patients pursuing unconsciously after they had actually been cured of neurosis. Individuation may be a lifetime task (“Usually the analyst dies before the patient,”

says one Jungian analyst). By getting to know more and more aspects of his unconscious, the subject can give proper values to what were once half-sensed and disturbing urges. Individuation is “finding the God within.”

The Need for Symbols. In this process, symbols help. One which particularly fascinates Jung is the *mandala*,* a square-and-wheel pattern embodying the number four or a multiple of it. A precious stone, often equated with the philosopher's stone of the alchemists, can symbolize the *Self*. The interlaced, banyanlike Tree of Life is often seen to bear a single luminous blossom—perhaps the Orient's Golden Flower, or a Christmas-tree star—which signifies the way of life that is life itself.

What place have such symbols in modern psychology? Says Jung: they are facts. They appear day after day in the dreams and doodlings of patients. If, for instance, a patient dreams of a snake held skyward, a Freudian analyst will automatically call it a phallic symbol. Jung concedes that it may mean that. But it is also a fact that the serpent has a much broader significance. For instance, to the Ophite Gnostics (2nd century A.D.) the serpent symbolized the redeeming principle of the world. It can stand, says Jung, for the recognition of the shadow side of life, the bringing out of evil into the open. Argues Jung: Why not test the hypothesis that it may represent the same urge in a modern patient? Moreover, says Jung, patients who are often shocked by the appearance of such symbols in their minds, fearing them to be signs of near insanity, are reassured when

* The *mandala*, meaning magic circle in Sanskrit, is most familiar as an aid to contemplation among Buddhist and other Oriental sects. A medieval Christian *mandala* shows Christ at the center, with the four evangelists at the cardinal points.



MANDALA (SCULPTED BY JUNG)
Also rich diggings in the mind.

they find that they are only repeating ancient human patterns.

In a religious age, according to Jung, man would not need to get consciously acquainted with his archetypes, because religion provides its own symbols. But Christianity has become so weakened in this respect—largely through the Protestant Reformation, says Protestant Jung—that to millions its symbols now mean nothing. For this reason, says Jung, Roman Catholicism is generally more effective today than other churches, and he rarely finds Catholics in need of individuation. Says Jung: “[Catholicism] is a full-fledged religion. Protestantism is not. Religions consist of a doctrine and a rite. The ritual does not exist in Protestantism: it has only one leg to stand on—justification through faith alone. The Catholic Church has the rite too, with all its magic effects.” Jung himself has not been to church for years, but when asked if he believes in God, he says: “I could not say I believe. I know! I have had the experience of being gripped by something that is stronger than myself, something that people call God.”

Unconsciously at least, says Jung, many a modern man seeks the comfort and security of religious symbols. That is why many try to import strange Eastern religions; others turn to demagogues and isms (which Jung regards as volcanic eruptions of the unconscious), and still others go to the analyst. “Our heart glows, and secret unrest gnaws at the roots of our being . . . Dealing with the unconscious has become a question of life for us.” Hence the man who cannot find religious symbols must be helped by the analyst to understand the symbols in his own unconscious. “I have treated many hundreds of patients . . . Among [those] in the second half of life—that is to say, over 35—there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life . . .”

Dream of a Hayride. The practical differences between the methods of Freud and Jung show up clearly in the case of a successful businessman who went to a Jungian analyst for help. At 51 he had developed a phobia against train or air



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trips, expressed in uncontrollable anxiety and attacks of giddiness.

Despite the patient's age, the orthodox Freudian psychoanalyst would have set him on a couch and invited him to talk on in "free association," especially about his earliest childhood. Purpose: to find either a specific shock related to his giddiness, or some emotional repressed stress.

The Jungian analyst uses no couch, but has the patient seated in a chair and facing him. This setup represents a meeting of equals: unlike Freud, who wanted the analyst to keep in the background,* Jung believes the doctor must fully share the emotional experience of analysis.

The Jungian analyst is concerned primarily with the present and the future. This businessman had carried too heavy a load of work for years. Now, from his unconscious, come symptoms which force him to cut down his activities. Unconsciously, he must want to slow down. To help the analyst find possible unconscious motives, the businessman is asked to talk about his work and travel (this is not free association, which, Jung argues, tends to lead away from the focus of interest).

After several sessions the businessman tells of a dream: "I am sitting on a large wagon, laden with hay, which I am driving back to the barn, but the load of hay is so high that the lintel of the door into the barn knocks me on the head, so that I fall off my seat and I wake up terrified in the act of falling." For the Freudian, the barn is a symbol of the female genitalia; the dream represents a tendency to return to the womb, but because this has undertones of incestuous desire, it would be followed by punishment (castration). An Adlerian would interpret the overloaded wagon as an exaggerated will to power, in compensation for an inferiority complex.

The Jungian analyst takes the dream more literally. After examining and reexamining it in the context of the patient's life (Jung distrusts all set dream theories), the analyst suggests this meaning: the patient has overloaded his wagon beyond its capacity; as a result, his conscious intentions receive a blow. The dream is an attempt by the unconscious to redress the balance of an exaggerated extraverted attitude which is becoming less and less appropriate as the businessman grows older.

This interpretation denies the patient the easy Freudian way out—a childhood trauma to use as a scapegoat. He faces the responsibility of revising his goals in life. In this case, the businessman realized that he had lived a one-sided life. Not only did he slow down, but he was satisfied to do so—and could take trips without anxiety or giddiness.

Jungians often say that after a patient has been cured of a neurosis in Freudian analysis, his "soul has been sterilized." Says Jung: "The neurosis contains the soul of the sick person, or at least a considerable part of it, and if the neurosis could be taken out like a decayed tooth, in the rationalistic way, then the patient

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FREUD & JUNG (FRONT, LEFT & RIGHT) & COLLEAGUES* IN 1909
Columbus was followed by Magellan.

would have gained nothing and lost something very important, much as a thinker who loses his doubt of the truth of his conclusions, or a moral man who loses his temptations . . . The individual [must] choose his own way consciously and with conscious moral decision."

Fathers & Sons. One of modern man's troubles, according to Jung, is that he has lost touch with his roots. Americans, for instance, he thinks are not yet at home in their unconscious on a continent wrested so recently from nature; this produces tension and helps account for America's go-getting energy.* Carl Jung himself is not troubled by lack of roots. He comes from a long line of pastors of the Swiss Reformed Church. Though he has traveled all over the world, from India (where he lectured) to Kenya (where he lived with a primitive tribe near Mount Elgon), Jung's home is the same house he and his wife Emma built in 1908.

He had a lonely boyhood in Basel, started to learn Latin at six, and grew into what he was later to classify as "an introvert type with the dominant function of thinking." His first ambition was to become an archaeologist or paleontologist. "He's still thrilled at news of an excavation," says a disciple. "But we carry history inside us, too, and he's dug it up there."

Largely to please his father, Jung chose medicine. He soon became fascinated with psychiatry. In 1900, newly graduated Dr.

Jung went to Zurich as an assistant in the famed old university mental clinic. After he discovered the writings of Freud, Jung devised word-association tests which were hailed as proof of Freud's basic theory of repression. Jung and his chief, Dr. Eugen Bleuler, gave Freudian theories a longed-for accolade of respectability through the prestigious Zurich clinic. In 1907 Jung went to Vienna to spend two weeks with the master. "The first day we talked for 13 hours," he recalls. "We talked about everything. But I could not swallow his so-called science positivism, his merely rational view of the psyche and his materialistic point of view."

Later, crossing the Atlantic together on their way to give addresses at Clark University in Worcester, Mass., Freud and Jung debated endlessly on psychological problems and analyzed each other's dreams. Freud cast Jung in the role of his intellectual son and heir. But the halcyon days were over. At Munich in 1912, Freud upbraided Jung for writing about psychoanalysis without mentioning the founder's name. The talk turned to Egypt's King Amenhotep IV as founder of a religion. "He is the one who scratched out his father's name on the monuments," said Freud. "Yes," Jung replied, "but with that you cannot dismiss Amenhotep. He was the first monotheist among the Egyptians. He was a great genius, very human, very individual. That he scratched out his father's name is not the main thing at all." Whereupon Freud fainted dead away. Jung's explanation: "Indirectly, he was continuing his reproach that I had scratched out the father's name—that is, his name."

When Jung denied the predominantly

sexual nature of the libido, Freud saw it as open rebellion. By 1913 the break was final: Jung wrote Freud "that I could do no further work with him if he would not give up that dogmatic attitude." Said Freud: "We took leave from one another without feeling the need to meet again!"

The Alchemist. One of the most controversial issues about Jung—outside psychiatry—concerns Nazi Germany. Some of his writings about race have been abused by others for racist propaganda. Chiefly because he held the editorship of a German psychoanalytic journal during the Nazi regime (his co-editor at one time was a relative of Hermann Göring), Jung has sometimes been accused of Nazi sympathies. Jung's position: as a foreigner of renown, he merely took the job to safeguard what he could of German psychiatry.

Since the war, Jung has lived by the banks of Lake Zurich, treating a few patients and keeping a keen eye on the most difficult patient of all—the world at large. He has never stopped writing, revising his concepts, or enlarging the scope of his inquiries. He has explored medieval alchemy, not because he has any interest in its pseudo-chemical aspects, but because he considers it interesting psychologically: for the most part, he sees the alchemists as seekers after original religious experience outside the permissible limits of the medieval church.

The majority of Jung's patients have been women, and he has had some down-to-earth things to say about the status of woman in the modern world. She has, he thinks, lost the old ideal of marriage ("He shall be thy master"). The tradition that it is the man who generally breaks up a marriage is no longer true: "Today life makes such demands on man that the noble *hidalgo* Don Juan is to be seen nowhere save in the theater. More than ever, man loves his comfort . . . There is no longer a surplus of energy for window-climbing and duels." Woman, meanwhile, will go to greater lengths than ever to find a husband, "by that quiet and obstinate wish that works . . . magically, like the fixed eye of the snake." As men and women adopt more of the roles and interests traditionally attributed to the other sex, Jung thinks a new relationship between them is developing, based on equal partnership.

Most recently, in *Answer to Job* (just published in England, not yet in the U.S.), he suddenly tackled the 1950 papal proclamation of the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin, which he considers the greatest religious event since the Reformation. His explanation of the dogma: it was, he contends, historically and psychologically necessary, because the mass of Roman Catholic women (at least unconsciously) demanded it, to give them a symbol of identification in heaven.

Freudian Doubts. How big is Jung's influence today? The Freudians, confident that they are the possessors of revealed psychiatric truth, have crusaded for their own dogma and sought converts with evangelical zeal. Jung, by contrast, for a long time would not even bother to set up

* Once a Zurich analyst had to deal with a new patient so tense that it seemed she had no more neurosis but a beginning psychosis. Alarmed—because analysis at this stage may touch off a psychotic crisis—the analyst went to Jung for advice. The master listened to the symptoms, then asked: "American? From the Middle West?" The analyst nodded. "Well then, I think you're pretty safe," said Jung, "but I would worry if it were a European."

* Middle, front row: U.S.'s G. Stanley Hall. Back row: U.S.'s A. A. Brill, Britain's Ernest Jones, Hungary's Sandor Ferenczi.

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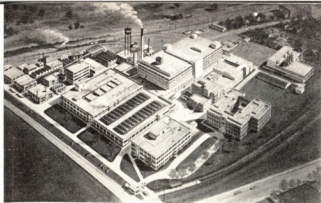
a formal training school for analysts who
wanted to follow him, and he still re-
fuses to seek converts. Proselytizing, in
his book, is merely a reflection of uncon-
scious doubts. Not until 1948 was a C. G.
Jung Institute established in Zurich, and
Jung has given it little more support than
his name. It now has about 100 students
from 14 countries, including the U.S.,
Denmark, India, London, New York, San
Francisco and Los Angeles are the next
major centers of Jungian influence; in
each there is a handful of analysts trained
by Jung himself or his earliest disciples.
San Francisco has a small training insti-
tute, and one is being set up in Los An-
geles. The Bollingen Foundation* is cur-
rently bringing out his collected works
(four volumes published, 14 to go).

Jung's influence in psychiatric practice,
though often unacknowledged, has been
conceded by the late A. A. Brill, leading
U.S. Freudian, who called him "the pion-
eer psychoanalyst in psychiatry." Freud
thought that analysis was useful only in
the milder forms of emotional illness
(neurosis). Jung was among the first to
use it to interpret schizophrenia, common-
est of the most serious psychoses (which
fills 300,000 hospital beds in the U.S.).
Results of early treatment by analysis
were only tentative. But then came in-
sulin and metrazol, and now, in the last
two years, have come two new drugs,
chlorpromazine and reserpine, which are
making thousands of supposedly hopeless
cases of schizophrenia accessible to ana-
lytic techniques.

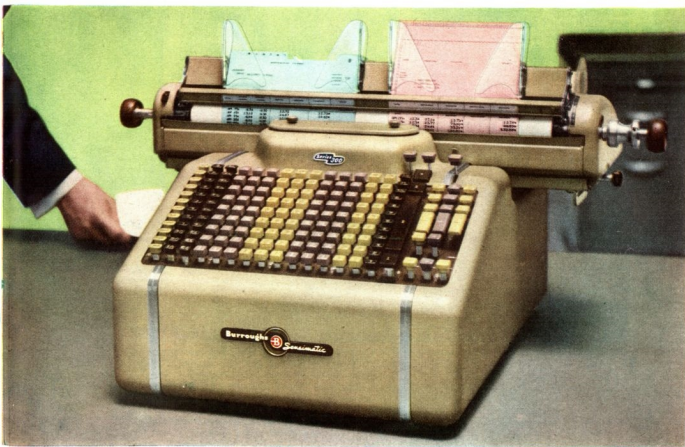
The Natural Face. The ultimate value
of Jung's ideas cannot yet be measured by
practical standards. His great achievement
is that he has shown psychology a new di-
rection: he has constructed a psychology
for human beings who reach out toward
the unknown, the intangible, the spiritual.
He has attacked the goal of psychological
adjustment, which is fine "for the unsuccess-
ful, for all those who have not yet
found an adaptation," but which for others
means only "restriction to the bed of
Procrustes, unbearable boredom, infernal
sterility, and hopelessness." Even if he is
only half right, Jung has suggested to
mankind a way of "adjustment" not
merely to his animal instincts and social
pressures but to his great paradoxes and
his eternal religious needs.

Living happily in his old house, sur-
rounded by 19 grandchildren and two
great-grandchildren, the old man seems to
many of his followers the most convincing
case history in support of Jungian theo-
ries. Has Jung himself achieved individua-
tion? Says he: "Individuation means to
become what one is really meant to be.
In Zen Buddhism they have a saying:
'Show your natural face.' I think I have
shown my natural face, often to the be-
wilderment of my time. Yes, I've attained
individuation—thank heavens! Otherwise
I would be very neurotic, you know."

* Set up by his U.S. admirer Paul Mellon of
the Pittsburgh Mellons, and named for the lit-
tle town of Bollingen on Lake Zurich, where
Jung spends many vacations and periods of
meditation.



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Overseas, Abbott Laboratories, world-wide manufacturer and distributor of drug products, finds that Sensimatics provide a fast, accurate, fully mechanized method of handling a tremendously heavy accounting job. At Ingalls Memorial, community hospital

in Harvey, Ill., a *single* Sensimatic provides the speed and versatility to completely mechanize *all* accounting work—so it can be handled by just four girls.

To be so versatile, and so fast, the Sensimatic is built with a Burroughs exclusive—a "sensing panel" that makes it *four machines in one*.

Because of this panel, you can do four major accounting jobs at the turn of a knob. And, because you can easily in-

sert a new four-job panel for other operations—or even a new system—your Sensimatic never becomes obsolete.

Naturally, we build these machines to fit any business—in six different series with from two to 19 totals. For a demonstration, call your Burroughs man. Or write Burroughs Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan.

Wherever There's Business There's



You've heard a lot about diversification.

Here's how an industry leader opens promising

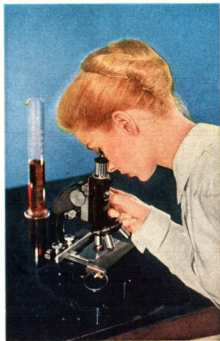


Today's markets are fluid, fast-changing. In this climate how does an able, aggressive company assure continued success?

Says Rayonier: "Gear all operations to product and production flexibility. Be able to move in any direction. Don't be complacent.

"Continually improve products; meet demand for the ever-new and improved. For example, in product after product the cellulose has proved superior, more versatile, less costly. With public acceptance won, Rayonier keeps seeking more uses; new, broader markets for chemical cellulose.

"This is *hard-core* diversification that helps make for stability."



To broaden even further its diversification base, Rayonier has for years been investigating a complex bundle of organic chemicals it recently defined as "the silvichemicals." These now promise new, superior products at lower costs, plus new, untapped markets.

Silvichemistry is yet another arm in Rayonier's long-range planning. What's more, by branching out into silvichemical production Rayonier is further utilizing its basic raw material for chemical cellulose—trees.

Thus broader economies are achieved, plus new directions and firm growth through integrated diversification.



.....

new fields



What are Drilling Muds?

Oil well drilling muds are used to flush out drilling debris, plug holes in soil formations through which water might enter or oil might escape.

Chemicals and dispersants are added to counteract individual soil and geological conditions.

Why Mud Engineers Like Rayflo

- * Easier handling. It's water soluble.
- * Less need for supplementary additives
- * Lasting effectiveness - improves with age
- * Effective in acid or alkaline muds.

Here is Rayflo, a silvichemical with a promising future! A red-brown powder derived from the bark of western hemlock, it's a new, important additive for oil well drilling muds.

Rayflo fulfills several heretofore unsolved needs in the oil fields. For instance, it improves the consistency of drilling muds, without which drilling can't be done. Importantly, it helps lower drilling costs.

This silvichemical is a giant step ahead in using more of the entire log in chemical operations. This is a big gain for Rayonier and our national resources supply.

Other important Rayonier silvichemicals are on the way. They will broaden Rayonier's base of products and markets still further.



cellulose chemistry

RAYONIER
INCORPORATED

Executive and General Sales Offices: 161 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

No. 41 in a series:

Biggest Air Force transport

needs no modification

to switch from logistic to tactical operations

—the Douglas **Globemaster**

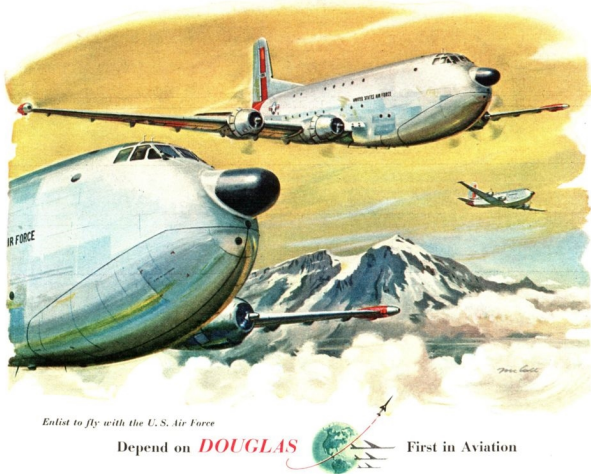
Now entering its fifth year of service to the nation, the Douglas Globemaster has proved its worth in all climates, all types of transport operation.

Combining speed and range with the stability needed for operation under all weather conditions and from varied

ground facilities, Globemaster can stow 25 tons of cargo or accommodate 200 fully armed troops. Most important, its capacious interior can accept 98% of all military equipment without disassembly—even big cranes and ready-to-fly helicopters. On *performance*, the Douglas

Globemaster is known in all theaters of operation as our most versatile military cargo-transport plane.

Performance of Globemaster under all conditions indicates Douglas aviation leadership. Versatility of operation is a basic rule of Douglas design.



Enlist to fly with the U. S. Air Force

Depend on **DOUGLAS**

First in Aviation

THE PRESS

Case Against the Star

To Kansas City's evening *Star* (circ. 344,071), it looked like one of the biggest stories of the year. It played the story atop Page One and ran it for several columns inside the paper. So did the *Star's* morning edition, the *Times* (circ. 336,824). The story: the trial of the Government's criminal antitrust suit against the Kansas City Star Co., which puts out both papers. The charge: the *Star* and its morning paper had killed off their chief rival, the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, and then used their monopoly position to force advertisers to do business on their terms, e.g., advertise only in the *Star*, the *Times*, and over their radio station WDAF.

The villain of the Government's case



KANSAS CITY'S SEES
Gas attack or space war?

and the only *Star* Co. staffer named in the criminal indictment[®] is the paper's advertising director, Emil A. Sees, 59, who has run the company's ad department since 1950.

Last week in Kansas City's U.S. District Court, the Government finished putting on the stand go witnesses, including admen, former *Star* staffers, local advertisers and other publishers, to try to prove that the *Star* had been "monopolizing interstate trade and commerce in the dissemination of news and advertising."

Memo from the Boss. The Government witnesses agreed that doing business with the *Star* Co. had big disadvantages. Several businessmen testified that

when the *Star* Co. found their ads in local weeklies or magazines, they were warned by the ad department: "So long as you can get space elsewhere, you don't need it in the *Star*." One owner of a small clothing store said he was told by the *Star* that if he continued advertising in *Topeka's Capper's Weekly* (owned by the late Senator Arthur Capper), his position in the *Star* would get "worse than ever." He testified that he found his ads buried on the *Star's* back pages. The *Star* Co., said other witnesses, also forced businessmen to put ads in the paper if they wanted time on the paper's radio-TV station.

Ad Director Sees, charged the Government, personally rode herd on the operation. Sees's motto, according to one witness, was "The more you squeeze [an advertiser] the more you get out of [him]." He often peppered his staff with such memos as "I notice Sullivan is still in the *Journal-Post*. Why? Why? Why?" An ex-*Star* staffer testified that Sees would "pound his fist on the desk and say, 'Go tell that so-and-so he's wasting his money advertising any place but in the *Star*.'"

Who's Killing Whom? In cross-examination, the *Star's* lawyers brought out that some of the complaints against Sees and the *Star* came from disgruntled former staffers. Many of the witnesses, the defense implied, confused aggressive sales tactics with illegal pressure. They even misunderstood the point of Sees's weekly meeting with his salesmen, at which he needed them by displaying copies of ads in other publications.

On the Government's charge that the *Star* Co. pushed the rival *Journal-Post* out of business in 1942, the *Star* had a strong argument. It was the *Journal*, said the *Star's* lawyers, that had been "operated solely to destroy the *Star*." The *Journal* had boasted in front-page editorials, said the defense, that it would put the *Star* out of business. The campaign, charged the *Star*, started after Multimillionaire Henry L. Doherty bought the *Journal* in 1931. Doherty, founder and big stockholder of the Cities Service Co., was outraged at the *Star's* fight against raising Kansas City's gas rates; he was determined to put the paper out of business. To undercut the *Star* and attract its advertisers, said the defense lawyers, the *Journal* virtually gave away ads in secret contracts with big advertisers. But instead of hurting the *Star*, the result was to wreck the *Journal*.

Near week's end, when the Government rested its case, the *Star* won an important point. The Government had argued that the combination ad rate used by the *Star* (i.e., an advertiser could not buy space in one paper alone but had to buy in both) was illegal. But Federal Judge Richard M. Duncan ruled that the combination rate was legal, under a U.S. Supreme Court ruling (TIME, June 1), as long as the single rate was not used

A POSTMAN'S REMARK ADDED \$2000 TO MY INCOME

By a Wall Street Journal
Subscriber

I was chatting with the postman who delivers my mail. He remarked that two families on his route who get The Wall Street Journal had recently moved into bigger houses.

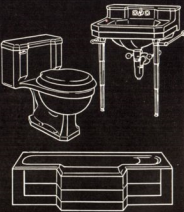
This started me thinking. I had heard that The Wall Street Journal helps people get ahead. "Is it really true?" I asked myself. "Can a newspaper help a man earn more money?"

Well, to make a long story short, I tried it and IT DID. Within a year I added \$2000 to my income.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7000 to \$20,000 a year. It is valuable to the owner of a small business. It can be of priceless benefit to young men.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$20 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$6. Just send this ad with check for \$6. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. TM 2:14

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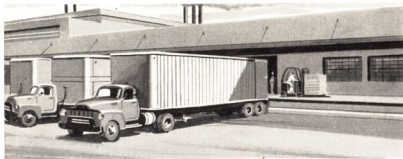
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NOW IT'S A PASTURE . . .



NOW IT'S A PLANT . . .



AND HERE'S THE MODERN BUSINESS TOOL THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE!

NOWADAYS you can literally pull up stakes and move your business *anywhere* you want—anywhere, that is, where there are roads, and that means just about *everywhere*. And trucks make it possible!

Trucks make it possible to *build* the new plant—and it's trucks that keep it operating profitably once it's built, bringing in the raw materials and parts and moving out the finished, ready-for-the-market products.

Years ago, before trucks came along, decentralization of industry was out of the question. Like it or not, a plant just *had* to be on a rail-line.

Today all that's changed. Trucks, with their speed and flexibility, have brought a vast new outlook to American industry. Now, thanks to the superb mobility of motor transport, you can set up shop in the spot most advantageous for your business—wherever that may be—and know you'll have the best of transportation services at your door.

Decentralization can be a mighty important advantage in peace and war—and trucks have made it possible!



American Trucking Industry

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS • WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

IF YOU'VE GOT IT . . . A TRUCK BROUGHT IT!

"for the purpose of monopolizing the field." It was up to the jury to decide whether the *Star* had done so. But when the *Star* moved to have the whole case dismissed, the judge held that enough evidence had been submitted to let the case go to the jury. This week the *Star* planned to put on its full-scale defense.

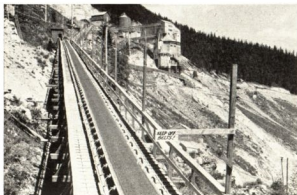
Capp v. Fisher

In the fanciful world of comic strips, Cartoonist Al (*Lfl Abner*) Capp and Ham (*Joe Palooka*) Fisher have at least one very real sentiment in common. They despise each other. On public platforms and to newspaper editors all over the U.S., Fisher has long charged that Capp is a purveyor of pornography. To back up his charge, Fisher has carted about huge reproductions of Capp's cartoons with the supposed pornography marked. Bluff, rollicking Cartoonist Capp, who started out as Fisher's apprentice 22 years ago, also gets off some free-handed statements. In an *Atlantic Monthly* article titled "I Remember Monster," Capp wrote that one of his early bosses was "a certain treasure trove of lousiness, who, in the normal course of each day of his life, managed to be, in dazzling succession, every conceivable kind of a heel."

Dirty Pictures. Last week the feud erupted again before a Washington hearing of the Federal Communications Commission, considering applications for a Boston TV franchise. One of the applicants was the Boston *Herald-Traveler's* station WHDH; another was Massachusetts Bay Telecasters, in which Capp is both a small stockholder (less than 2%) and co-chairman of the proposed station's Public Affairs Committee. Lawyers for WHDH challenged Capp's fitness on the ground that he draws dirty pictures; therefore, he and his associates (including Novelist J. P. Marquand and *Atlantic Monthly* Editor Edward Weeks) should not get the TV permit.

When Capp took the witness stand to answer the charge, the lawyers confronted him with their evidence. They asked Capp about a *New Yorker* profile by E. J. Kahn Jr. in which Capp was quoted as admitting that when "I was just a kid from the country . . . I became an expert on pornography." The profile also said that Capp's cartoons have "bits of Rabelaisian humor, often . . . adroitly covered up." Unruffled, Capp answered that both he and *New Yorker* Writer Kahn were professional "humorists" who used "exaggerated humor." The "method of *The New Yorker*," he added, "is different from other magazines. Mr. Kahn simply listens; he does not take notes." (Replies Kahn: "Of course I took notes, and I still have them.")

Recognizable Photostats. Then station WHDH's lawyers introduced the report of the 1951 New York State Joint Legislative Committee on comics. In the record were eight pages of photostats of Capp cartoons under the heading: "Sexually suggestive cartoons and in some instances semihidden pornography." Capp had no trouble recognizing the photostats as the



The country's leading manufacturer of conveying, elevating, and power transmission machinery, Link-Belt Company utilizes Copyflex copying machines in various plants and offices to "move" paper work faster and more economically. In order-invoice operations, Copyflex is used to produce invoices directly from purchase orders, saving time and labor.



The Boeing "707"—America's first jet transport-tanker—represents another "high" in manufacturing achievement by the Boeing Airplane Company. This alert company uses Copyflex copying machines in its efficient production control system. Copyflex makes it possible to prepare from one original all copies necessary to complete the ordering of a part or an assembly.

Two Alert Companies Discover *New Opportunity for Savings* by Cutting Time and Labor for Paperwork!

Everywhere, alert firms like Boeing Airplane Company and Link-Belt Company are discovering that Copyflex copying machines provide the ideal answer to the problem of ever-increasing paperwork, offer new savings in time and labor.

With Copyflex, basic information is written only once—departmental and other copies are mechanically reproduced from the one original "action" paper. Applied to such operations as order-invoice, purchase order-receiving, and production control; Copyflex eliminates costly excess

labor, delays and errors of manual copying, affords improved control, saves thousands of dollars.

Copyflex exceeds any other copying equipment in flexibility and efficiency. These machines are clean, quiet, odorless. They require only an electrical connection for operation. Anyone can learn to operate them quickly and easily.

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DAVID T. MARVEL, V. P. for Sales of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., tells why he's sold on Plants-By-Wire



TRADEMARK



"In any office, anywhere, a plant is always welcome," says Mr. Marvel. "There's no chance of disappointment due to wrong brand, wrong size, or individual likes and dislikes. Whenever congratulations are in order, I wire plants or flowers. I know I can count on quick delivery—it's guaranteed by all F.T.D. Florists."

Around the world, 18,000 members of F.T.D. and INTERFLORA make possible swift delivery of fresh plants and flowers. Ask your secretary to call the shop with SPEEDY and the famous MERCURY EMBLEM.

Phone or Visit
Your F.T.D. Florist

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

same ones Fisher has been passing around. Exploded Capp: "These are forgeries . . . We conducted an investigation of the source of the forgeries. We are in the last stage of finding the forger." Furthermore, the exhibits were not taken from his newspaper strip, but from comic books over which he had no control.

Capp's lawyers made it plain who had



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE

CARTOONIST CAPP

Who drew the pornographic line?

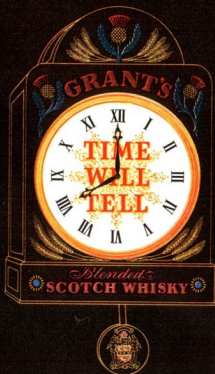
given the pictures to the legislative committee. The photostats, they said, were "supplied by Ham Fisher." But when the lawyers for Capp tried to introduce affidavits from document and handwriting experts to prove that the drawings had been doctored, the FCC said no. The matter of the cartoons was closed so that the hearings could get back to the main business.

Color Bar Lifted

As Washington correspondent for the Atlanta World and National Negro Press Association, Louis Lautier stirred up a storm when he applied for admission to the National Press Club last month. The 911-member club had never admitted a Negro before, and the members split into two sharply divided groups over his application (TIME, Jan. 31). But Lautier's backers confidently expected the members to go along with the national trend toward desegregation and end their color bar. On the eve of the club's referendum vote, Lautier wrote a column for Washington's Negro semiweekly *Afro-American*, personally attacking two members of the club, George Durno of International News Service and Jerry Greene of the New York *Daily News*, for opposing his admission. After the column, many a middle-of-the-roader in the fight turned against Lautier, feeling that his piece was out of line and inaccurate. Nevertheless, in the latest voting turnout in the club's history, Lautier last week was admitted to the Press Club by a vote of 377 to 281.

TIME WILL TELL

Grant's



Time — plus
selected quality ingredients
handled with traditional skill
produce Grant's
consistent excellence.

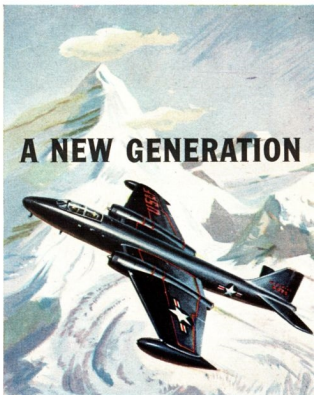
86 PROOF — SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. BROOKLYN — NEW YORK
IMPORT DIVISION



LARGEST JET BOMBER is Boeing Airplane Company's global B-52. This giant has a wing span of 185 feet and weighs 175 tons. Eight 10,000-lb. thrust Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 jet engines enable it to top 600 m.p.h. with ease.



SWEPT-BACK WINGS and twin engine pods mark the B-66, a new light attack bomber being built for the Air Force by Douglas Aircraft Company. Its Allison J-71 jet engines of 9500-lbs. thrust each put it in the above 600 m.p.h. class.



A NEW GENERATION

THIS SPIRITED LIGHT BOMBER, the B-57, is now being delivered to Air Force units by the Glenn L. Martin Co. It is a swift and versatile aircraft, based on the Canberra design and powered by two Wright J-65 jets of 7200-lbs. thrust each.



MORE THAN A THOUSAND 600 m.p.h. Boeing B-47 medium bombers have been produced in Boeing plants and in new Douglas and Lockheed Aircraft Corp. factories. Each bomber has six 5000-lb. thrust General Electric J-47 jet engines.



OF AIR FORCE BOMBERS

Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

Air Power is recognized as a vital part of national defense today and every citizen should know where the nation stands in rebuilding it. He should know, as well, what must be done to maintain adequate strength once it has been reached.

The aviation industry and the armed forces, working hand in hand, have developed vastly improved aircraft in every category. The Air Force jet bombers shown on the opposite page are typical. They are second to none in performance, in safety,

in quality. These bombers and other aircraft are being produced today at more than four times the rate of production of June 1950, when war broke out in Korea.

In spite of the progress represented by advanced aircraft and high production, years of work are still ahead, for the challenge to freedom is greater now than ever. To meet it, research and development leading to more powerful generations of fighting aircraft *must be continuous* year after year; production must be high

enough to supply the armed forces with the required quantities of the latest fighting planes.

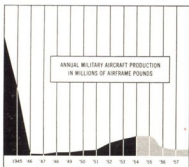
Today such a program of research, development and production has been given a vigorous start. If continued on a long-range basis, without wasteful stop-and-go interruptions, it can build and maintain essential, modern Air Power at the lowest possible cost to the taxpayer . . . With such air strength we one day may achieve lasting peace.



CONTINUING RESEARCH in basic fields of aviation is absolutely essential if America is to retain air leadership in future years. Tomorrow's faster, safer, higher-flying and more powerful airplanes will depend on the better materials and advanced knowledge continually sought by aviation scientists. Aerodynamic research facilities such as this United Aircraft Corporation wind tunnel have a vital part in this never-ending search.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT of engines, aircraft and equipment is the only way America can be assured of airplanes that are second to none in performance. Since 1942 jet engine development has steadily added to aircraft speed and altitude. But only within the last few years, with the perfection of such mighty engines as Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-57, has America been able to have supersonic fighters and heavy jet bombers.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and aerial weapons, which are far more potent than World War II's best, is rebuilding Air Power from 1947's weak level to a position of major strength, as this graph shows. Estimated future production, if uninterrupted and backed by adequate long-range research and development work, can provide up-to-date air strength over the years to come at minimum cost to taxpayers.

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TIME



to be well informed

The Week in Review

TV drama concentrated on suffering women. On *Robert Montgomery Presents*, attractive Peggy Ann Garner toiled through an hour of unrequited love only to have her man drop dead of a heart attack. On *Studio One*, Gaby Rodgers was murdered before the show went on the air, but got her chance to act the fiery temptress in a series of foot-stamping flashbacks. On the U.S. *Steel Hour*, Gertrude Berg played a slightly touched matron whose relatives would not believe that she talked on the phone every Sunday to her dead husband. *Climax!* offered a double dose of misery; both Sylvia Sidney and Diana Lynn suffered and suffered because they chose careers instead of settling for marriage and babies. But the ladies shared some of the week's agony. The *General Electric Theater* offered Johnnie Ray, the crybaby singer, in a drama about an emotional vocalist named Johnnie Pulaski who nobly spurned fame and fortune because his boss wanted him to sing under an Anglo-Saxon stage name.

The week's drama was partially redeemed by CBS's *Best of Broadway*, which revived George Kelly's 1924 Broadway hit, *The Show-Off*, as a starring vehicle for Comedian Jackie Gleason. As Aubrey Piper, a vainglorious blowhard who enchants his wife but drives her family daffy, Gleason was playing a role not too far removed from his own Ralph Kramden in *The Honeymooners*. He posed and postured as man of affairs, thinker, dude and cocksucker authority on everything from high finance to socialism. As his embattled mother-in-law, Hollywood's Thelma (*Rear Window*) Ritter had a fine, acerbic time of it sticking pins in the balloons of his pretensions. Unfortunately, Director Sidney Lumet and Adaptor Ronald Alexander chose to dwell on the resemblances between *The Show-Off* and *The Honeymooners* instead of the differences.

Up until last week, radio had been unobtrusively celebrating its 35th anniversary, but then Ed Sullivan decided to give broadcasting a TV salute on his *Toast of the Town*. However, NBC, still pursuing the quarrel it claims CBS started, refused to let its brightest stars attend. Dependable Jack Benny ran off one of his faultless comic monologues; George Burns added some needed spice; and H. V. Kaltenborn did a funny job of imitating Harry S. Truman imitating H. V. Kaltenborn after the 1948 election.

At week's end attentive viewers of Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* got capsule instruction on how to become a comedian or a successful author. The recipe for being a funnyman was supplied by Comic Garry Moore: "Almost every comedian starts out by being too small or too fat to be an athlete and, to compensate, he becomes the class clown." Kathleen Winsor, whose *Forever Amber* has sold 3,000,000 copies, sat primly on a white bearskin and explained that in putting together her



THELMA RITTER & JACKIE GLEASON
This time, mother-in-lawry.

opus she had spent 1,303 hours in reading, 1,380 hours in indexing, and 1,284 hours in writing. She also felt that, in writing a historical novel, "it is a very good thing to have a knowledge of history." Author Winsor also had a sad reflective word on critics: "Reviewers often review the book they wish you'd written, not the one you did write."

Program Preview

For the week beginning Wednesday, Feb. 9. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Kraft TV Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). Repeat of last month's dramatic hit, *Patterns*, by Rod Serling, with Richard Kiley, Ed Begley, Everett Sloane.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). Edmond O'Brien in *A Bell for Adano*.

Adventure (Sun. 3:30 p.m., CBS). Films on cannibals, spiders and birds of paradise.

Omnibus (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Geraldine Page in Henry James's *Turn of the Screw*.

G.E. Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). Teresa Wright as Mary Todd Lincoln in *Love Is Eternal*.

U.S. Steel Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Thomas Mitchell in *Freighter*.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Don Giovanni*, with Siepi, Corena, Peters, Harshaw, Amara.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Soloist: Dame Myra Hess.

America's Town Meeting (Sun. 8 p.m., ABC). Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas on "Desegregation: Law and Practice."



"Here come our ears!"

There are over fifty million telephones in this country today. Their service is so much taken for granted, it's hard to realize that there *are* situations in which voice communication is both vital and close to impossible.

Take a fighting army's advance post, for example. Helpless and practically useless without lines of communication to its base. The telephone equipment it uses must be light enough for a G.I.'s back, entirely self-powered (there are no electrical outlets in a foxhole!) and proof against all climatic conditions, including water.

The object floating in to shore, in the typical scene above, is a Signal Corps "SB-22" telephone switchboard, manufactured by Stromberg-Carlson

for the United States Army.

18 by 15 by 8 inches in size, it weighs just 32½ pounds. Included in this midget space are batteries capable of long hours' continuous use, a generator which can send a ringing signal over miles of field wire, cords and plugs tested to withstand the roughest use, all wrapped up in water-tight construction which makes the equipment as dunk-proof as a fish!

To Stromberg-Carlson engineers, an achievement like this is everyday business—for industry, home and national defense. Whatever *your* interest is in the matter of communication and electronics, Stromberg-Carlson, with its 60 years' experience in this specialized field, is ready to serve you.

There is nothing finer than a
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Receivers



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AND MANY OTHER ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS FOR OUR ARMED FORCES

ART

Young Lion

Critics who had snubbed the opening at Paris' Galerie Alex Gazelles last month yielded to word-of-mouth raves last week and hustled over to smart Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré to join the crowds. Reported *Le Figaro's* Art Critic André Warnod: "It is amazing to see the presence which seems to govern all these pictures, still lifes as well as landscapes." Said *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*: "... Prodigious. [The] designs show authority and the palette is astonishingly rich." Said the weekly *Carrefour*: "Our theorists will find it difficult to explain this phenomenon." The phenomenon was Artist Thierry Vaubourgoin, a bright-eyed, straw-haired youngster of eleven.

Thierry's work was so sure that many a viewer suspected trickery. One afternoon a fur-coated lady exclaimed: "I can't believe that this child has produced all these paintings without someone else's guidance." A messenger was sent to fetch a set of brushes, a dozen tubes of paint and a blank canvas. While the fascinated gallerygoers watched, young Thierry went to work, within two hours completed another exquisite still life.

Thierry finds it hard to remember when he was not drawing. The son of a French orchestra conductor and a violinist mother, he was too frail to begin school until he was eight, spent most of his time at home drawing with colored pencils. At six he got his first oils for Christmas, was soon begging his mother to take him to the Louvre and the Museum of Modern Art. There, she remembers, he showed a marked liking for Sisley and Cézanne, and adds: "Thierry also likes flower shops and jewelry stores. If I didn't drag him away, he would stand there for hours

gazing at the displays." Thierry thinks painting as simple as his other enthusiasms, soccer. Says he: "I like colors and I like football. I paint the things as I see them. There is nothing to explain."

With the French press, radio and cinema tumbling over themselves to lionize Thierry, his show has become a sellout. All 52 paintings up for sale went for prices ranging from \$100 to \$150. In hailing his success, the weekly *Arts* topped the critical raves with a bit of sound advice: "Most of the canvases are beautiful. But why not leave the boy alone and let him develop his gifts instead of inflicting on him the ordeal of an exhibition."



VAUBOURGOIN & SELF-PORTRAIT
"I like colors and I like football."

Tale of Two Sisters

In the buzzing excitement of Paris' Salon d'Automne, two proper Baltimore sisters looked about them aghast. "Surely," said the older, "we are not expected to take this art seriously!" Even the painters—Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Rouault—were unknowns. It was 1905, and for the two Cone sisters, Dr. Claribel and Miss Etta, it was the year of their baptism into a new world.

Warmed by the enthusiasm of three expatriate Baltimore friends—Gertrude Stein and her brothers Leo and Michael—the Cone sisters were soon heads over heels in modern art. At Gertrude Stein's urging, Miss Etta traveled to Picasso's grubby Montmartre studio, picked up a handful of drawings for 100 francs. The sisters met young Matisse, started buying his work. They were off to a glowing start toward building their fabulous collection of modern French art, today valued at \$3,000,000.

This week Manhattan's Knoedler Art Galleries is giving New Yorkers a rich sampling of what the two wealthy Baltimore spinsters accomplished in a lifetime of tasteful collecting. The 67 paintings, drawings and sculptures (chosen from the Cone Collection of more than 350 paintings and drawings and 50 sculptures) are also a tribute to the abiding good taste of two strongly different personalities.

Skewers & Old Lace. Dr. Claribel was an early feminist and a pioneer female medical graduate (although she never practiced). She sailed boldly through life, swathed in ankle-length dresses and huge Spanish shawls, topped off with Hindu skewers in her coiffure. Once, at the opera in Munich, Kaiser Wilhelm II offered Dr. Claribel his arm, on the assumption that she was a duchess. In art, Dr. Claribel's choices included Matisse's early *Blue Nude* (1907) and Cézanne's monumental

A HAPPY MR. LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN's craggy, compassionate countenance, crinkling with humor and graven by tragedy, is as familiar to most Americans as the faces of their own grandfathers. The first great photographer, Matthew Brady, portrayed Lincoln many times in the course of the Civil War, and generations of schoolboys have studied Brady's portraits. Few ever saw the beardless, relatively unlined Lincoln opposite, which was displayed with a Lincoln's Birthday flourish this week in Washington's Corcoran Gallery.

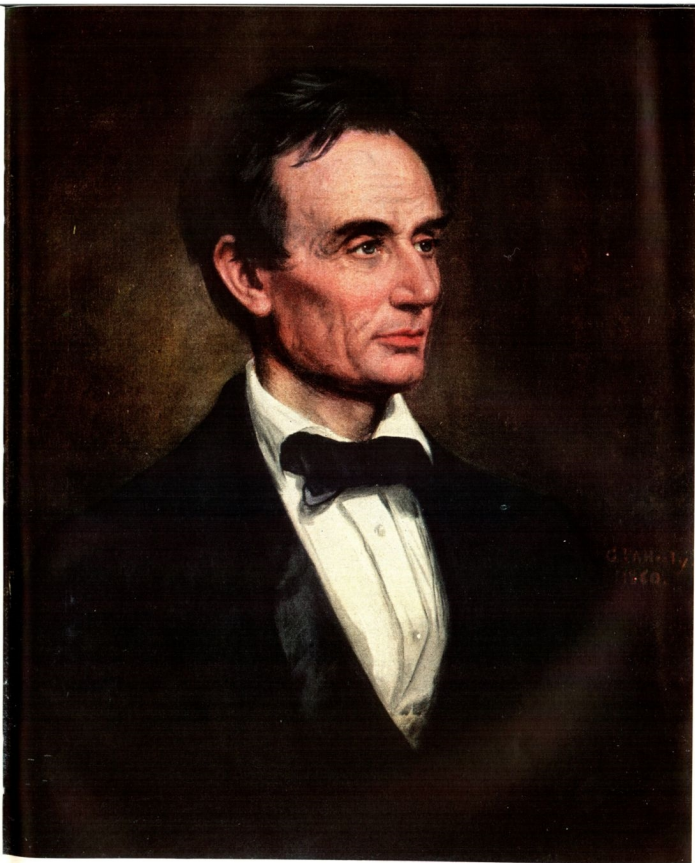
The picture's shadowy history was pieced together recently by Art Historian Katharine McCook Knox. A Chicago promoter commissioned the canvas from the most fashionable portraitist of the day, George Peter Alexander Healy, just after the 1860 elections. Healy buttonholed the President-elect at Springfield, got him to sit three times. A visiting politician dropped by the senate chamber in Springfield's old statehouse to watch one of the sittings, later described the scene: "He [Lincoln] sat to the artist with his right foot on top of the left and both feet turned inward—pigeon fashion—round-shouldered—looking grim as fate, sanguinity his expression, occasionally breaking into a broad grin. . . . He chatted, told stories, laughed at his own wit—and the humor of others—and in one way and another made a couple of hours pass merrily and never once lost his dignity or committed himself to an opinion

. . . It is a good painting—but only a tolerable likeness."

The beardless Lincoln was one of 15 Healy portraits of U.S. Presidents bought by the Corcoran in 1879. After a time, the unappreciated series was sent to the cellar, then dispersed by loans to various District of Columbia schools. Twelve years ago, the paintings were at last recalled to the Corcoran. Cleaned and hung in the gallery, Healy's Lincoln slowly began gaining the attention it deserves. "This," wrote Expert Duncan Phillips last year, "is a happy Lincoln. . . . It is a disarmingly personal impression of the eyes of true greatness at a moment when they were lighted with the surprise, the honor and the vision of supreme opportunity."

Lesser matters than the presidency could light Lincoln's eyes and give him ideas. Portraitist Healy (who died in 1894) recalled that Lincoln burst out laughing in the midst of one sitting, over a letter from a critical little girl. Lincoln asked Healy to pass on it: "As a painter, Mr. Healy, you should be a judge between this unknown correspondent and me. She complains of my ugliness. It is allowed to be ugly in this world, but not as ugly as I am. She wishes me to put on false whiskers, to hide my horrible lantern jaws. Will you paint me with false whiskers? No?"

Despite the levity, Lincoln grew whiskers before arriving at the White House, was never again painted clean-shaven.



HEALY'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Corcoran Gallery of Art



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Mont Ste Victoire. In sharp contrast, soft-spoken Miss Etta, an accomplished pianist and lover of old lace, bought glowing Matisse interiors, a Manet pastel, and Picasso's finely drawn, classic *Mother and Child* (TIME, Sept. 1, 1952). Both sisters were sketched by Matisse and Picasso. But back in Baltimore, the neighbors decided that the Cones had become "mental cases." Undaunted, the two sisters, with their bachelor brother, turned the 17 rooms of their adjacent apartments into a private museum. In time every inch of wall space (including Dr. Claribel's bathroom) was covered with paintings by Derain, Gauguin, Braque, Cézanne and Matisse. The three-foot-wide corridor and living rooms were crowded with Matisse drawings and with sculpture by Renoir, Degas, Picasso, Maillol and Matisse. The two sisters made about 20 trips to Europe, each time returning with more paintings.



Baltimore Museum of Art
DR. CLARIBEL (BY PICASSO)
Masters in the bathroom.

heavy furniture and ornate boxes (in which Miss Etta kept laces, Dr. Claribel her unopened mail).

Bronzes & White Gloves. Dr. Claribel, before her death in 1929, advised her sister to give their collection to the Baltimore Museum of Art only "when the spirit of appreciation for modern art in Baltimore becomes improved." Miss Etta devoted the next 20 years to caring for the collection, cleaning the pictures herself, insisted movers wear white gloves when handling pictures. While rounding out the collection with 19th century French masters, she increasingly concentrated on the work of Matisse. Today the collection of 42 Matisse oils (spanning the years from 1895 to 1947) and 18 bronzes provides a superb record of Matisse's development.

When Miss Etta died, aged 78, six years ago, Baltimore's tastes had at last caught up with the Cones. She bequeathed to the Baltimore Museum not only the collection but also \$400,000 to house it. This spring the museum plans to break ground for the new wing.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Quickening Pulse

All through the economy, the business pulse was quickening. In January, the auto industry turned out 658,700 cars, a record for the month, and a rate of 8,000,000 a year. (The only better months in history were June, August and October of 1950.) The most spectacular performance was turned in by Chrysler. Fighting to regain its lost markets, it came within a half of 1% of President Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert's goal by boosting its production from 13% of the industry's total to 19.5%. Plymouth bumped G.M.'s Buick from third place in the output race, with 64,000 cars produced; Chrysler (including the new Imperial) passed Cadillac, with 17,470 cars v. 14,135, but G.M.'s Chevrolet clinched the No. 1 spot for the month with production of 154,517 cars v. Ford's 143,761. And the cars were selling: Ford reported its best January sales ever.

Other industries were keeping up with the fast auto pace. Awards of construction contracts in 37 states for the first three weeks of January, reported the F. W. Dodge Corp., hit \$1 billion, up 32% from the same 1954 period. Largely because of the boom in autos and construction, steel output was scheduled at 85.4% of capacity, best since 1953, and demand was so great that a mild grey market developed for some steel products. In the lead and zinc markets, buying was heavy as manufacturers hedged against price rises that might follow the recent boost in copper. As a measure of overall industrial activity, electric-power output for the latest week topped 10 billion kilowatt-hours for the first time in history, the third successive weekly record and a full 13% above the same week in 1954.

The Commerce Department reported that manufacturers' new orders rose \$800 million, to \$24.7 billion in December, a thumping \$3.3 billion above the year-ago figures. And helped by a \$453 million rise in consumer installment credit, to a record \$22.5 billion, the goods were moving off retailers' shelves. In January, eight of the ten top New York department stores reported "extraordinary" sales, up an average 7.5% from last year.

Wall Streeters took note of all the favorable developments. By week's end, on rising volume, they pushed the Dow-Jones industrial average up another five points to 409.76, a new bull-market high.

CORPORATIONS

Du Pont Keeps Its Interest

The U.S. Government, which lost its five-year antitrust suit to force Du Pont to sell its 22.6% ownership of General Motors Corp. two months ago (TIME, Dec. 13), announced last week that it would appeal the case to the U.S. Supreme Court. Normally, appeals from a lower court pick out errors of law. But in



Joe Colbert

CHRYSLER'S COLBERT
Copped the battle.

the Du Pont case the Justice Department said it would challenge Chicago Federal Judge Walter J. La Buy's entire interpretation of the evidence in the case. He had ruled that "Du Pont has not had, and does not today have, practical or working control of General Motors," and that "the Government has failed to prove . . . monopolization." The Government claims that the whole weight of evidence is on the other side, that Du Pont, by its 22.6% ownership, does in fact control G.M. in violation of the antitrust laws.

Du Pont itself appeared unworried by



Richard Meek

COCA-COLA'S ROBINSON
Capped the bottle.

the appeal. Last week, when the company got a chance to reduce its percentage of G.M. stock, it decided to buy instead of sell. In a new stock-option deal, G.M. offered stockholders the right to buy an additional 4,385,000 shares at the rate of one new share for every 20 currently held. Wall Streeters expected Du Pont to sell the options it will get for 1,000,000 new shares (it now owns 20 million), thus reduce the percentage it holds in G.M. But in Wilmington the company announced that it would pick up the options and buy 1,000,000 shares to keep its percentage at the same level. Cost to Du Pont: between \$75 and \$85 million, depending on the final offering price. At the news G.M. jumped $\frac{3}{4}$ points, to 100 on the New York Stock Exchange.

Round for Wolfson

Financier Louis Wolfson last week won a key battle in his proxy war with Sewell Avery for control of Montgomery Ward & Co. In a suit filed by Wolfson, Chicago Circuit Court Judge Harry M. Fisher ruled that Ward's staggered system for electing directors was illegal; it was a violation of the state constitution that guarantees every stockholder the right to enjoy maximum voting strength.

By electing only three of Ward's nine directors each year (for three-year terms) Avery has concentrated his proxies, been able to keep any minority stockholder group from getting a foothold. To Ward's courtroom arguments that staggered terms* preserve continuity and stability in management, Judge Fisher replied: "... Stability in management is always desirable, but whether continuity of the same individuals on the board insures stability may be questioned . . . It may lead to the perpetuation of error and mismanagement." Judge Fisher ordered Ward's directors to repeal the staggered-term by-law, notify stockholders that all nine directorships will be up for election at the April 22 meeting.

Ward's attorneys went to work forthwith to appeal the decision to the Illinois Supreme Court. Both Avery and Wolfson announced that they will press for a quick decision, since neither wants to postpone the April showdown.

New Boss of Coke

To Coca-Cola Co., the name Woodruff has been as indispensable as "refreshes" in its slogan. It was Ernest Woodruff, a Southern financier, who bought the company in 1919 (for \$25 million) and started its expansion. Four years later he turned it over to his hustling son Robert, who soon changed Coke from a corner-drug-store treat into one of the world's most widely sold products. In 1939 Woodruff

* Among other Illinois companies with staggered directors' terms: Armour & Co., Great Western Railway, Sunbeam Corp., Swift & Co., U.S. Gypsum Co.

TIME CLOCK

became chairman of the executive committee, but remained top boss while presidents came and went. This week, 65, Coke's retirement age, Woodruff at last stepped out (he will remain a director and a large stockholder).

Moving President H. B. Nicholson up to board chairman, Bob Woodruff reached outside the company for a new president to replace himself as chief executive officer. His choice: William E. Robinson, 54, the smart, hard-driving and affable publisher of the New York *Herald Tribune* and chairman of Robinson-Hannagan Associates, which handles Coke's public relations. Bill Robinson, an old friend and golfing companion of Woodruff's, knows his way around in politics as well as business. An early Eisenhower backer, he introduced Ike to the Augusta National Golf Club, helped convince Ike that he could win the nomination and election, is now a frequent bridge and dinner guest at the White House. Coca-Cola picked him for his skill as a merchandiser, will pay him a salary upwards of \$135,000.

A native of Providence, Bill Robinson graduated from New York University, did so well as the New York *World-Telegram* local ad manager that the Hearst chain grabbed him, made him assistant general manager. In 1936 the New York *Herald Tribune* hired him away as ad manager, eventually made him executive vice president and publisher. A year ago, after the death of Steve Hannagan, Robinson left the *Trib* to boss the publicity agency. He has resigned from Robinson-Hannagan, but the firm will continue to handle Coke's public relations.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Rubber for Italy

Enrico Mattei, handsome boss of Italy's big Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi state oil and gas monopoly (*TIME*, Nov. 29), flew across the Atlantic last week to make a deal that will give his country its first doorway into the synthetic-rubber industry. In Manhattan, Mattei signed contracts with Phillips Petroleum Co. and Union Carbide & Carbon Corp. for their processes and help in building a \$75 million synthetic-rubber plant at Ravenna, in the Po Valley. It will turn out 35,000 tons of GR-S rubber and 350,000 tons of nitrogen fertilizer annually from nearby methane deposits. The plant will be not only the first synthetic-rubber factory in Italy but the first in Europe to make rubber from natural gas.

The plant, to be built and run by E.N.I.'s subsidiary, A.N.I.C. (Azienda Nazionale Idrogenazione Combustibili), will enable Italy to make better use of its methane, now used as fuel for northern Italian industries. As fuel, the gas would save Italy some \$7,000,000 annually in imports. By using the same amount of gas to produce fertilizer and rubber, Italy can make enough money to balance out

COFFEE PRICES will come down for U.S. consumers as a result of Brazil's devaluation of its coffee dollar. To boost lagging coffee exports, Brazil has cut the dollar-cruzeiro exchange rate to exporters 15%, thus chopping the minimum export rate for Brazilian coffee from 65.7¢ to 53.8¢ a lb.

MARLBORO CIGARETTE (made by Philip Morris) is introducing a king-size filter tip in a flip-top, crush-proof cardboard box which the company says took seven years and 50 patents to develop, and which can be re-used as a handy container for rolled-up nylons, nuts, bolts and fishhooks.

SAVINGS IN 1954 climbed to an alltime record, reported the United States Savings and Loan League. The total: \$231.3 billion, an increase of \$14.9 billion over 1953 and the biggest yearly jump of any year since the end of World War II.

TEXAS TIDELANDS have produced their third well since drilling resumed last year southeast of Corpus Christi. New well brought in by Gulf Oil Corp. is at 11,540 ft. (under 48 ft. of water) about nine miles off Port Aransas in Nueces County.

BURLINGTON MILLS, buyer of Pacific Mills and Goodall-Sanford for \$33 million last year (*TIME*, July 26), changed its name to Burlington Industries Inc. to reflect its increasing diversification. With \$127 million net sales (up 95.5%) for 1954's last quarter, Burlington now has ten affiliates and subsidiaries (making it the biggest U.S. textile manufacturer) turning out everything from winter woollens to summer Palm Beach wear.

RICE SUPPORTS will probably be pegged at 90% of parity for 1955. U.S. rice growers have voted by a surprising 9-to-1 margin to accept

stiff federal controls which will cut back crops 25% from last year's 1,859,000 acres. With the vote, farmers who stay within the controls now expect to get a prop of about \$4.90 per 100 lbs. instead of the \$2.75 guarantee (50% of parity) they would get had growers voted down the tight quotas.

SUPER SABRE (F-100), grounded since November after three mysterious crashes within a month (*TIME*, Nov. 22), is now back in the air. Tests showed that the 800 m.p.h. North American fighter, on which the Air Force is spending \$100 million, needed a new vertical tail and changes in the control system.

TRUCK MANUFACTURERS are in for some competition from the railroads. Burlington Railroad, which makes most of its own freight cars but still has idle space in its shops, will make a newly designed highway trailer (24-ft. aluminum van type) as a pilot model for a production run of several hundred to try out on its Burlington Truck Lines (812 trucks and trailers).

COTTON EXPORTS in 1955 will jump 500,000 bales or 20% over last year, predicts Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson. Because of the new law that permits sales of U.S. farm goods abroad for foreign currency, a deal to sell 50,000 bales to Yugoslavia has already been wrapped up, and another for 175,000 bales to Japan will soon be signed.

SHALE OIL EXPERIMENT by the Government at Rifle, Colo., will be closed down, because private research has made so much progress on getting oil from shale. Union Oil Co., which has 50,000 acres of shale land near Rifle, has just allocated \$5,000,000 to increase capacity to 1,000 tons daily; estimates there are 5 billion bbls. of oil on its land.

\$40 million worth of imports. Eventually, as rubber production climbs, Italy even hopes to sell enough to supply a large portion of Europe's synthetic-rubber needs. Furthermore, E.N.I.'s Mattei hopes to soften charges that his state company is throttling private investment: its subsidiary, A.N.I.C., which has 25,000 stockholders (but is 51% owned by E.N.I.), will finance the \$75 million project from private sources, use no state funds.

Barnum of Bread

At one end of London's gastronomic spectrum stands Fortnum & Mason, which specializes in the world's most elegant delicacies; its salesmen wear morning coats, ship such rarities as boar's head in aspic and breast of Scottish grouse to all corners of the globe. At the other end are London's ABC shops, a chain of 164 cheap self-service tearooms. This week the Piccadilly prince is about to marry the Fortnum Cinderella. The man who brought Fortnum & Mason and ABC shops to-

gether: Canadian-born Willard Garfield Weston, 56, owner of Fortnum & Mason and boss of Britain's huge Allied Bakeries, who is known throughout the empire as "the Barnum of Bread."

If ABC stockholders approve, Baker Weston will pay \$8,120,000 for ABC, one of England's biggest low-cost restaurant businesses, second only to Lyon's Corner House chain. Through Allied Bakeries, Weston already controls the United Kingdom's biggest bakery chain (16% of all Britain's bread, 20 million biscuits a day), with 1954 sales of \$154 million and profits of \$12,600,000. Overseas, subsidiaries and independent companies carry the Weston name on everything from ice cream to paper boxes, in Canada, India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. In the U.S., three Weston firms operate a chain of seven plants from Passaic, N.J., to Tacoma, Wash., making biscuits marketed under three names, including its popular F.F.V. (Famous Food of Virginia) label. This year Weston's worldwide interest

HELP FOR LATIN AMERICA

How Good Neighbors Can Become Partners

THE U.S. and Latin America should be a well-matched economic team. The U.S. needs Latin America's coffee, copper, zinc and other raw materials; Latin America needs the know-how, capital and consumer goods of the U.S. Latin America is already the second biggest foreign customer for U.S. goods (21% of all exports), while the U.S. is Latin America's No. 1 buyer (48% of its exports). Yet it is far from a happy business partnership. The reason is that the southern flow of U.S. capital is far below the level needed to raise the standard of living of Latin America's population, now expanding 25% faster than that of the U.S.

Part of the trouble lies with the Latinos, whose national pride sometimes makes them suspicious of North American money, and whose unstable governments and unpredictable economic policies discourage U.S. investment. On the other side, many U.S. businessmen have not bothered to investigate the opportunities in Latin America. For every real obstacle to greater trade and investment, there are almost as many illusory barriers. One illusion widely held by Latin Americans is that U.S. capitalists are itching to invest their money south of the border and that ultimately the North Americans will have to invest on Latino terms, with no change in the investment climate. Another illusion, held by many U.S. businessmen, is that nationalistic rules and regulations make it almost impossible to do business anywhere in Latin America. The truth is that many countries readily allow U.S. firms to come in.

As proof of that fact, private U.S. investment in Latin America already totals \$7 billion. But to give a modest 2% annual boost to its low standard of living, Latin America needs \$7.5 billion a year in new investment, or the \$5.9 billion now being generated from all sources. Even if Latin American capital could be tapped more effectively, another \$1 billion annually will be needed from abroad.

Many a U.S. company has discovered the rich rewards—both to itself and to Latin America—of doing business south of the border. One notable example is Sears, Roebuck, which has spent \$26 million setting up 26 stores in five Latin American countries. Last year Sears grossed \$79 million on its Latin American sales—and Latin America profited in several ways. Since Sears's sales of locally produced products averaged anywhere from 35% (in Cuba) to nearly 100% (in Brazil), thousands of new manufacturing jobs

were created, in addition to the 6,000 jobs supplied directly by Sears (only 100 of its Latin America employees are U.S. citizens).

But for every success, there are many failures and unfulfilled needs. Alberto Marulanda, owner of the biggest ranch in Colombia, needed a million pesos to put cattle on his 70,000 acres, but could not raise the money since U.S. investors argued that cattle are the first victims of civil disturbances. Chile, whose forests and minerals beckon paper and chemical industries, has liberal tax-exemption provisions for foreign capital. But they are meaningless, since employers must add 25% to their government-cushioned wage bills in the form of social-security payments. Brazil is so queasy about foreign exploitation that citizens married to foreigners may not even own oil stocks. Result: Brazil's potentially rich oil reserves are virtually untapped.

In trying to solve all these problems, the U.S. has operated, so far, under the assumption that government-with-government negotiation is the answer. Since World War II the U.S. has been trying to negotiate new trade treaties with the Latin American nations, but only two (with Uruguay and Colombia) have been negotiated, and neither has yet been ratified.

In New Orleans this month, a new approach to the whole subject of Latin American investment will be launched by the Inter-American Investment Conference. The conference will bring together some 500 U.S. and Latin American businessmen in panel discussions, group meetings and private interviews to talk over the problems and prospects for more investment. Representatives from the 20 Latin American nations will be there with proposals for specific investment projects; representatives of individual U.S. companies, instead of government officials, will be there to consider them.

By thus increasing the person-to-person exchange of ideas and information, both U.S. and Latin American businessmen expect to find ways to improve the investment climate. There is hope that when Latin America's own businessmen bring pressure on their governments for improved laws and regulations and lessened risks, the results will be far greater than any that U.S. Government pressure could bring about. For their part, U.S. businessmen will have a chance to clear away their own mistaken illusions about the difficulties of doing business in Latin America, and learn something about the rich opportunities that await them.

will rack up sales totaling more than \$1 billion, and profits will probably top \$40 million.

Weston makes something for everyone—slightly salted "Tavern Appetizers," spicy gingersnaps, big "Wagon Wheel" chocolate cream wafers and sweet "Shortcakes" for dessert, breads that go from "Ryvita" health bread to the standard "National Loaf" sandwich bread that is a staple of Britain's diet. Americans might find Weston's most popular bread too off-white and flabby for their taste, but Weston also makes a whiter, crustier loaf, which sells for a few cents more.

New World Enterprise. To Britain, Baker Weston is a unique example of new world enterprise returning to replenish the home country. His pride in his own success makes him regard other British businessmen a bit scornfully. Says he: "The men at the top in this country don't work hard enough. I am the greatest living exponent of enthusiasm in this country, and I want every living soul to be sold on the idea of working hard for Britain, just as my salesmen are enthused by me to sell my biscuits."

As a Canadian soldier in World War I, Weston spent his furloughs studying the British baking industry. When he went home to Toronto he took on the job of running the family "bakery-cakery." While others scurried for cover during the Depression, Weston expanded by buying plant after plant, increased production, seldom laid off his men. His idea was that, by keeping up employment and production, he could infuse new economic life into areas where he operated. As a result, in the dark year of 1934, Weston's Canadian bakeries were working full time and sales soared to \$1,000,000 a week.

Plunge into Politics. The same idea worked in Britain. Weston started up Allied Bakeries in Scotland and Wales at a time when both were so depressed that friends thought him balmy. He soon had five companies with 14 plants, 80 shops, 277 bread delivery routes. New plant openings were gala productions, with parties and placards proclaiming his favorite slogan: "Work Harder for Britain." In World War II, Weston took a brief plunge into politics as a Tory Member of Parliament. With peace, Allied Bakeries showed the industry how to hit \$4,000,000 annual profits in 1948 despite shortages, has been growing spectacularly ever since. The Canadian branch has climbed even faster, notably since 1948, when Weston shelled out \$4,500,000 for William Nielsen, Ltd., thus becoming the empire's biggest ice cream maker. He bought five roofing and paper-box firms, a big produce company, and topped it off by plunking down several million for Loblaw's, Canada's huge grocery chain.

Weston is training his children to take over the worldwide business and keep it growing in future years. Just as Britain's 19th century empire builders sent their sons out to India and Africa, so Weston has packed two of his three sons, two of his six daughters off to school and jobs in far-away countries. On a trip through

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1 Thorough survey by G-E trained experts. Here Architect Fred Safran goes over IBM installation plans with Mr. William Eden (standing) and Mr. Leonard Kaufman, of Billen Engineering Co., New York City.



2 The best in packaged air conditioners. G-E designed and built—Easily directed air-flow for no-waste, no-draft circulation • Muggy Weather Control • Attractive, decorator-styled cabinets • New single-unit refrigerating system warranted for five years.

G-E climate survey helps architect "build in" attractive installation for business machine center

Recently, the International Business Machine Company moved its Brooklyn service bureau into the first three floors of a twenty-five-year-old building. To meet this new tenant's specific air conditioning requirements, Billen Engineering Company, G-E Air Conditioning Contractor in New York City, made a thorough climate survey of the area for Sylvan Lawrence Co., owners.

Taking into account the building construction, number of business machines, varying occupancy loads, lighting and ventilating needs, these G-E trained experts worked out installation details with the architect in order to meet the over-all requirements.

They recommended that a 15-ton General Electric Packaged Air Conditioner be

installed on the first floor, and a 10-ton unit on each of the two floors above. Cooled and dehumidified air is distributed through ducts concealed in the hung ceiling, and carefully located ceiling diffusers give IBM precise local zone control throughout. The units take up a minimum of floor space, and are completely enclosed, enabling the owner to provide his tenant with an effective yet inconspicuous installation.

DON'T WAIT ANOTHER DAY! Summer heat and humidity are only a few weeks away—be ready for them with new G-E conditioners. Today, call the G-E dealer listed in your classified 'phone book, or write General Electric Company, Commercial & Industrial Air Conditioning Department, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Packaged AIR CONDITIONERS

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Should You Invest?

We always have had—and always will have—one answer to that: Yes, if you can afford the risks that are involved in any form of investment.

But take a good look at that little word "if", for unless you have adequate savings and adequate insurance coverage you cannot afford those risks.

Let's assume, however, that you do have extra dollars. Should you invest them now? Again our answer is yes. Mind you, we're talking about investing—about putting your money to work in a business that will pay you a substantial return over the years ahead. We're not talking about buying stocks today in the hope of making a profit tomorrow.

"But," you may ask, "Isn't the market too high?" That may or may not be true. We're not talking about the market... about whether stocks on the whole are too high or too low. We're talking about specific investment opportunities—the kind of opportunity that always exists in stocks or bonds for the man who wants to find employment for his surplus capital.

If that's the kind of opportunity you want to talk about, by all means come in to see us or give us a ring. Or write us a letter about your situation. We'll do the best we can to help you solve your particular investment problem.

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"Invest—for the better things in life"

Texas a few years ago, he came on a Weston truck broken down along a deserted road. Stepping out to help, he found that the grimy driver sweating away under the chassis was his oldest son Grainger, whom he had sent off to the Texas branch of the family empire.

With London's ABC shops, where profits have been slipping, Baker Weston once more expects to show Britons how to turn flour into gold. For a starter, he will spend nearly \$3,000,000 to expand the business, sell more baked goods, and hopes to push the chain into the No. 1 spot as Britain's biggest low-cost restaurant business.

MINING

The Future of Uranium

How big is the boom in uranium? How long will it last? Last week, for the first time, the Atomic Energy Commission gave businessmen a dazzling glimpse into uranium's future. After "phenomenal development" in discovery and mining since 1948, said AEC's Raw Materials Chief Jesse Johnson, uranium prospecting, mining, milling and construction have become a \$100 million-a-year operation. The U.S., which imported 90% of its uranium ore before the Korean war, may soon become the world's biggest uranium producer.

Nor is any peak in sight. Despite the upswing in uranium strikes (TIME, Jan. 31), AEC needs still more ore, estimates that most known deposits will be exhausted by 1962. Said Johnson: "A high rate of discovery will be required to maintain scheduled production levels." Although at least twelve ore deposits containing 100,000 or more tons each have been discovered since 1948 (i.e., three up to then), mining has climbed even faster. Seven years ago the U.S. had 15 small mines with a total of 50 employees; now it has more than 800 sizable mines with more than 4,000 employees.

The AEC, which plans to buy all uranium ore mined until at least 1962, is considering a longer-range government buying program "to cover a period between the defense market and a commercial market of reasonable size." Even low-grade ore may turn out to be profitable, said Johnson, because "these deposits may be called upon to supply the nuclear fuel for future industrial power."

Out in the uranium-rich West another major strike was confirmed last week. Its name: Blue Rock Mine, in Arizona's Rincon Mountains, some 40 miles east of Tucson. The finders: Dentist Garth Thornburg, 35, and his brother Vance, 33, onetime farmer. Pioneers of the Grand Junction uranium rush, the Thornburg brothers collected promising claims on the Colorado plateau in 1950, built them into their Uranium Enterprises, Inc. On their 116 claims in the Blue Rock area, they believe they have at least 25,000 tons of commercial ore, hope to prove out 150,000 tons.

As reports of this and other strikes came into Salt Lake City, uranium's Wall Street, brokers were happily riding the



Gilbert A. Milne

BAKER WESTON
His F.F.V.s are crackers.

crest of a new boom in trading, the biggest rush since last May's frantic buying of penny stocks. The boom then was founded on paper claims and hope; now the penny-stock companies are merging, or being taken over by companies with enough capital to start mining. At least 20 of the nation's biggest mining companies, e.g., Phelps Dodge, Anaconda Copper, Climax Molybdenum and Vanadium Corp. of America, were looking over companies with promising claims. Thus out-of-town investors, who hooted at uranium



Roy Jackson

CLAIM BUYER ODIUM
Penny stocks grew deep roots.

AT LAST... THE REAL ANSWER TO THE COFFEE-BREAK!

Oasis Hot 'n Cold WATER COOLER

*serves water piping hot
for making coffee...
and cold water, too!*

Today, the coffee-break is recognized as a valuable builder of morale and work efficiency... yes, and aids customer relations, too. But when your employees enjoy a coffee-break mornings and afternoons, you're probably thinking: "How can we cut down on the lost time?" The Oasis "HOT 'N COLD" Water Cooler is the first really practical answer. The "HOT 'N COLD" Model is equipped with a newly developed Oasis automatic water heater which dispenses hot water... just right for making instant coffee, tea or chocolate. Fully insulated from the water heater, is the same high-output cooling unit found in all Oasis Water Coolers.

Think of the Savings You'll Realize!

Figure the time coffee-breaks are costing each year. The time that can be saved by having the Oasis "HOT 'N COLD" Water Cooler near the work area is tremendous. Coffee is made almost instantly... no more going out, or sending out for it. And your employees will like the convenience and money-saving. The Oasis "HOT 'N COLD" is attractive in appearance... the only water cooler that dispenses hot water as well as cold water.

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOKLET

Don't wait another day! Send for this new booklet and the name of your nearest distributor. Learn the facts on cutting the costs of the coffee-break.

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HOT 'N COLD
WATER COOLER

THE EBCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, COLUMBUS 13, OHIO
Manufacturer of the most complete line of water coolers



every day is wash-day, now!
one more reason why our water supply is threatened!

Millions of thirsty new washing machines, air conditioners. Fast-growing, water-fed industries: chemicals, steel, synthetic fibers. Almost 100 million people served by public water supply systems—each using over 100 gallons daily! Demand for water is at an all-time high. Yet rainfall does not increase.

U. S. waterworks engineers . . . doing a magnificent job against great odds . . . warn that our supply is not endless. Last year alone a thousand American towns faced water shortages.

What can you do? At home, conserve. At the plant, look into possible water economies in production. As a citizen, learn about your community's water situation . . . support realistic water rates . . . cooperate with local authorities' efforts to keep your vital water supply adequate.

The time to act is—now.

WATER, your priceless heritage . . .
use it . . . enjoy it . . . protect it with . . .

CAST IRON PIPE



Man's most dependable carrier
of water—Cast Iron Pipe

This cast iron water main, laid in 1830, still serves Detroit, Michigan. Today, MODERNIZED Cast Iron Pipe, centrifugally cast, is even tougher, stronger. Cast iron's proved record of long, trouble-free life saves your tax dollars. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.

CAST IRON

stocks nine months ago, have changed their tune. Now three of every four orders come from outside the city.

The biggest claim buyer of all is Atlas Corp.'s Floyd Odium, who bought out Vernon Pick's Delta uranium mine for \$9,000,000 (TIME, Sept. 6), is now on his way to gathering up the biggest acreage. His Federal Uranium Corp. will combine his Federal Uranium Co. with six companies (Kentucky-Utah Mining Co., Western States Uranium Co., Interstate Uranium Co., Utida Uranium Co., Howell Mining Co. and Uranium Inc.) holding total claims with an estimated \$6,000,000 to \$7,000,000 in ore reserves. Much of the new buyers' rush is for Federal or one of the companies that it will gobble up, and Federal stock has jumped from \$3.25 to \$5.25 in a month.

GOVERNMENT

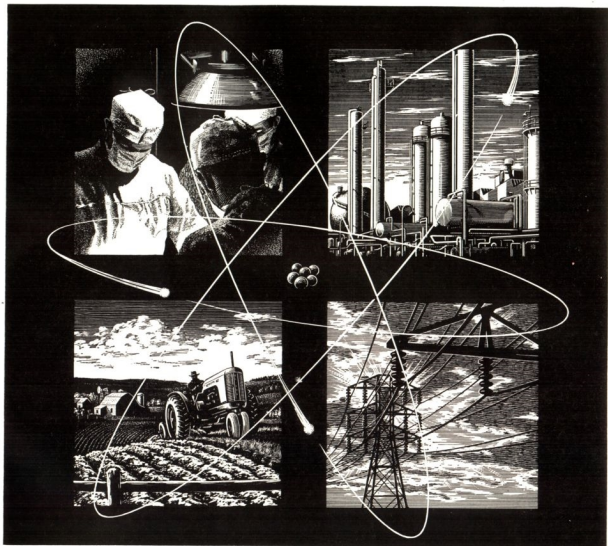
Windfallers' Windfall

Even before Congress began its FHA investigation, the Internal Revenue Service started looking into the matter of windfall profits on housing projects. BIR was not concerned about possible violations of FHA laws; it questioned whether windfall profiteers could call profits capital gains, taxable at only 25%, instead of straight income subject to taxes as high as 91%. In a test case, BIR protested the 1948 and 1949 tax returns of Long Island Builders Alfred and George Gross, Lawrence Morton and their families.

To finance the Glen Oaks Village apartment development in Queens, New York City, Gross & Co. got bank loans totaling \$24 million under Section 608 (since expired) of the National Housing Act. When it turned out that the development actually cost only \$20 million to build, Gross & Co. pocketed the \$4,000,000 difference plus \$2,000,000 from profits on land and connected projects. On their income-tax reports, they put down the \$6,000,000 in windfall profits, paid capital-gains taxes. BIR held that windfall profits should have been declared as dividends taxable at income rates, and sued for \$3,000,000.

In Washington last week, the 16-man U.S. Tax Court unanimously turned down BIR's test suit. Wrote Judge Norman O. Tietjens for the court: "We are not unaware that the propriety of this action has elsewhere been questioned. However, the question of propriety or impropriety of the [profit] distributions is not raised in these proceedings and we do not pass upon it . . . Taxpayers have the right to so arrange their affairs that their taxes shall be as low as possible, and the tax consequences flow from what they did rather than what they might have done."

At week's end, Federal Housing Administration Commissioner Norman P. Mason, who is negotiating to get some of the windfall money back from some 6,500 other building projects, said that he would keep right on trying. BIR, which has 1,400 other suits pending to reclaim an estimated \$1.5 billion in taxes on similar building profits, plans to appeal the Tax Court decision. But its chances look bleak.



Engineers: North American offers unusual opportunities. Write Engineering Personnel Office, Los Angeles or Downey, California; or Columbus, Ohio.

THE PEACEFUL ATOM...IT'S WORKING FOR YOU!

North American Aviation early saw the need for development and application of the atom to peaceful purposes. Using its own funds, the company set up an organization staffed by leading atomic scientists and engineers. This Nuclear Engineering and Manufacturing organization conducts work for the Atomic Energy Commission and has initiated many new developments in nuclear applications.

This continuing effort has produced several types of research reactors. Two important examples of these, produced for the Atomic Energy Commission, are now in operation. One is being used by

the company for advanced developmental study of other reactor designs, and general nuclear research is being done with the other. Other North American designed reactors for industrial and medical research will soon be in operation.

Still another example of North American's advance in this field is the "Sodium Reactor Experiment," a new reactor concept in atomic power. This development is being jointly financed by the Atomic Energy Commission and the company. From this will come many answers to the problem of producing economical electricity from the atom.



ENGINEERING AHEAD FOR A BETTER TOMORROW

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

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and Chairs for the Home • Classroom Furniture

To the CAB

Ross Rizley, 62, former Oklahoma Con-
gressman (1941-49) and onetime As-
sistant Secretary of Agriculture, was named
by President Eisenhower last week to the
Civil Aeronautics Board to succeed Os-
wald Ryan, First Republican appointed to
the board (in 1938). Ryan became such
an expert in the complicated airline busi-
ness that he dominated CAB for much of
his 16 years as a member. The appoint-
ment ended a muddle over Ryan's suc-
cessor. Harold Jones, onetime CAB member,
was first offered the job (TIME, Jan. 17),
but the appointment was withdrawn after
protests that he was biased against small
and nonscheduled lines. The offer was then
made to Rizley, a small-town (Guymon,
Okla., pop. 4,718) lawyer and ex-state
senator, though he had had little experi-
ence in airline matters. The airline indus-
try had wanted Eisenhower to reappoint
Ryan. But when his term expired last
Dec. 31, the White House kept him in the
dark about reappointment, gave him no
reason why it decided against him. Eisen-
hower has not even sent him a letter of
thanks for his years of service.

AVIATION

For Distinguished Flying

On a routine flight from Des Moines to
Lincoln, Neb. three weeks ago, United
Air Lines flight 329 ran into the kind of
trouble that usually means death. Climbing
west over Iowa, the twin-engined Con-
vail went out of control and nosed down.
Somehow, while the stewardess reassured
the 36 passengers, flight 329's pilot and
co-pilot got the nose up. The plane made
a belly landing, skidded to a stop in a
cornfield. The Convail was wrecked, but
no one was seriously injured.

From the crew's description and the
wreckage, United learned that a tiny nut
in the tail-elevator-trim mechanism had
come loose, jamming the controls in dive
position. The airline grounded its 54 Con-
vaills as a safety precaution and the Civil
Aeronautics Administration sent out or-
ders to all other airlines to check for de-
fective elevator controls on their Convaills.

Last week, the checks completed,
United Air Lines' Convail fleet was back
in the air, and President W. A. Patterson
found a fitting reward for the superb air-
manship of flight 329's crew. To Captain
E. W. Andreasen, 34, and Co-Pilot T. D.
Boyle, 28, he handed bonus checks of
\$10,000 each; to Stewardess Pat John-
son, 28, he gave \$2,500. He also added
a postscript: United will pay the income
taxes on the bonuses.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Hillman Husky. In Manhattan, Brit-
ain's Rootes Motors Ltd. showed off its
new four-passenger Hillman Husky, an
all-steel station wagon designed for the
U.S. suburbanite and sportsman. Pow-
ered by a four-cylinder, 39-h.p. engine,
the small Husky does up to 40 miles on a



PILOT ANDREASEN
Heads over tails.

gallon, has a rear seat that folds down so
that the car can carry up to 560 lbs. of
baggage. List price, lowest of the Hillman
line: \$1,445 f.o.b. port of entry.

Rug Protector. A plastic that can be
sprayed on rugs of all types to form a
protective film against soiling has been
put on sale by Philadelphia's Artloom
Carpet Co. Called "dellay," the plastic is
colorless, odorless and nonflammable.
An application lasts for about six months.
Price: one quart, \$2.40.

Pushbutton Ticket Vendor. The New
York Central has installed "Automatic-
et," the first self-service ticket vending
machine in Manhattan's Grand Central
Station. Built by General Register Corp.,
"Automaticet" has pushbuttons for 60
suburban stations, with the fares listed for
each. The purchaser puts coins in a slot,
presses the right button, four seconds later
gets his tickets and change. If he puts in
too little money, a lighted sign warns
him to put more in.

Flame-Maker. A new cigarette lighter
that flames when its filament is exposed
to air has been put on the market by Chi-
cago's Murphy Reier, Inc. The secret is a
chemical contained in the 2-in.-long car-
tridge that burns when it mixes with
oxygen. Price: \$3.95.

Refreshment Stand. An office drinking
fountain that also supplies steaming hot
water for mixing instant coffee, tea, cocoa
and soup has been put on sale by Ebco
Manufacturing Co., of Columbus, Ohio. A
blue button operates either a cold-water
bubbler or a faucet; a red one turns on
the hot water faucet.

Home Dry Cleaner. For do-it-yourself
dry cleaners, Philadelphia's Renuzit Home
Products Co. has developed a three-lb.
aluminum cleaning machine. Clothes are
placed in a perforated cylinder held in a
tank filled with cleaning fluid, which is
circulated by a hand plunger. Price: \$7.95
including fluid.



After R/M Rotary Hose has helped drill the well, other R/M Hoses flow the crude through tankers to refineries. Then they flow the fuel oil, gasoline, butane and propane gas through tank cars, bulk plants, and delivery trucks to you.

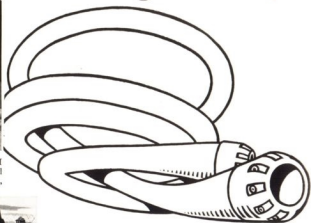
R/M Hose serves industry in many ways, such as conveying compressed air on construction jobs; steaming out dairy and food processing equipment; delivering oil, water and chemicals.



Millions of acres of soil are fertilized with the help of R/M Anhydrous Ammonia Hose. This specially designed hose transfers the ammonia from storage to tractor tanks and then injects it into the ground.



R/M Hose Helps Keep Industry's Lifeblood Flowing



Wherever fluids or gases are conveyed, R/M Hose helps keep the lifeblood of industry flowing. Through it flows gasoline for your car, oil for your heating system, steam for sterilizing and cleaning food equipment, chemicals for making today's wonder materials. It even helps sandblast buildings. R/M Hose is as varied in size and type as in uses. Hose, however, is only one example of R/M specialized skills. From its seven great plants and laboratories come a host of other products—of rubber, asbestos, engineered plastic, sintered metal—that are in widespread use the world around. If you have a problem involving any of these materials, call on R/M.

*Whoever You Are . . . Whatever Your Business
An R/M Product Touches Your Life*



Brake Blocks, Linings
and Clutch Facings



Mechanical Packings
and Gaskets



Conveyor Belts



Abrasive and
Diamond Wheels



Industrial
Drive Belts



Industrial Hose



Rubber Lined and
Covered Equipment

Other R/M Products: Asbestos Textiles • Engineered Plastic and Sintered Metal Products • Fan Belts and Radiator Hose • Rubber Covered Rolls • Bowling Balls • Other Industrial Rubber

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you need in the
space you have*

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Class A Asbestos Walls
are movable... save space and make space
... are noncombustible, lower priced...
come in pleasing colors**

New Johns-Manville Class A Movable Walls offer you advantages never before combined in an asbestos movable wall. They are modestly priced. They are noncombustible. They have a textured, stipple finish in restful colors. They reduce maintenance and relocation costs to a new low.

The finish of Class A Movable Walls is a tough, hard film many times thicker than on the usual movable partition. It is mar and scratch resistant... rejects stain and soil... can be easily washed and even scrubbed, if necessary. If damaged, it can be touched up inexpensively to look like new... and, unlike other types of factory-finished

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Johns-Manville

MILESTONES

Married. Margot Fonteyn (real name: Peggy Hookham), 35, prima ballerina of Britain's famed Sadler's Wells company; and Roberto Arias, 36, lawyer and son of Panama's onetime (1932-36) President Harmodio Arias; she for the first time, he for the second; in Paris.

Married. Dan Dailey, 37, Hollywood song-and-dance star (*There's No Business Like Show Business*); and Gwen O'Connor, 28, ex-wife of Cinemactor Donald O'Connor; both for the second time; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Sir Edward Mellanby, 70, British authority on nutrition, onetime (1933-49) secretary of Britain's Medical Research Council, discoverer (in 1918) of Vitamin D; of coronary thrombosis; in London. In 1946 Sir Edward proved that Agene, the bleaching and aging agent once used in 80% of U.S. white flour, was injurious to the brains of animals and possibly of humans; was chiefly responsible for its banning by the U.S. Food & Drug Administration.

Died. Robert Semple, 82, veteran member of New Zealand's Labor Party, longtime (1935-49) Minister of Public Works in the Labor government, famed for his vigorous, salty soapbox oratory; in New Plymouth, New Zealand. A lover of invective, Semple stirred up a diplomatic storm in 1938 by referring to Hitler and Mussolini as "mad dogs," once defended himself against a charge that he was making unfair profits out of Australian building interests by commenting: "I haven't enough assets in Australia to build a toilet for a cockroach."

Died. Charlotte Anita Whitney, 87, Mayflower-descended, socially prominent California Communist leader and perennial party candidate for state and federal offices; in San Francisco. The daughter of a wealthy California lawyer, and a niece of onetime U.S. Supreme Court Justice Stephen J. Field and transatlantic-cable sponsor Cyrus W. Field, Charlotte Whitney was graduated from Wellesley, turned to Communism as an answer to the poverty she encountered as a social worker on Manhattan's East Side and later in Oakland, Calif. Sentenced to prison in 1920 under California's Criminal Syndicalism Act to curb post-World War I sabotage, she was eventually pardoned by Governor Clement Calhoun Young after a storm of appeals from liberal sympathizers, many of whom were later alienated by her strict following of the Stalinist Communist line.

Died. Dr. John R. (for Raleigh) Mott, 89, elder statesman of Protestantism, Methodist layman, honorary president of the World Council of Churches and the World's Alliance of the Y.M.C.A., a founder in 1895 of the World Student Christian Federation, 1946 Nobel Peace Prize winner; in Orlando, Fla.

☆ Memorable American Letters...



December 1776 saw the British holding the Continental heartland from the upper Hudson south to Maryland. George Washington saw his chance to "...clip their wings while they are spread so far." His Christmas Day order to Colonel Cadwallader, reproduced below, directed American troops to cross the ice-jammed Delaware. The attack drove a surprised enemy from Trenton.

Mr. Rumbold's Ferry 25th Decem^r 1776
 1/2 O'Clock P.M.

Dear Sir Notwithstanding the disagreeing Accounts
 I have received from John Reed of what might be expected
 from the Operations below, I am determined, as the
 Night is favourable to cross the River and make the
 Attack upon Trenton in the Morning. If you can do
 nothing real, at least create as great a diversion as
 possible —

I am Sir

Y^r most ob^d Serv^t

G. Washington

Col. Cadwallader

Courtesy
 The Historical Society
 of Pennsylvania

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Proof? See the Gravelly and Rotary Plow attachment making a perfect seed-bed in one operation!

Let us show you the advantages of the Gravelly's extra power . . . all-gear drive . . . power reverse . . . your choice of 21 tools to do every mowing, gardening or upkeep job . . . faster, better, easier!

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"Power vs Drudgery"

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Sunbathing on the Famed Patio-in-the-Sky

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Convenient to downtown
attractions • Air conditioned
rooms, Dining Room
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Mothersills

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aid in preventing
and relieving
Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children



THE WORLD OVER

read **TIME** every week—

for the news from all sides of the

IRON CURTAIN

CINEMA

Newsreel

¶ In the four-contestant race to film Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Broadway Producer Mike Todd (*TIME*, Dec. 13) and Italian Producer Dino de Laurentis are well ahead of M-G-M and David O. (*Gone With the Wind*) Selznick. De Laurentis already has a crew in Finland ready to shoot snowy backgrounds for Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, although his six writers have not yet done the script for Director King (*Duel in the Sun*) Vidor. Unintimidated, Todd hired Fred (*From Here to Eternity*) Zinnemann to direct and Playwright Robert Sherwood to write his version, announced that he had budgeted the movie at \$7,500,000.

¶ Drive-in theaters, once strictly a summer phenomenon, are doing year-round business in 14 U.S. cities, defying snow and freezing temperatures. The drive-ins keep their customers cozy by providing, for an extra 25¢, a portable electric fan-forced heater for the floor of the car.

¶ Charlie Chaplin is hard at work on the script and music of a new movie that he plans to begin shooting within a year. Title: *The Good King*. Plot: a monarch is forced to abdicate and live like an average man. Having abdicated his monarchical position in Hollywood two years ago, Chaplin is now living in self-imposed exile in Switzerland with wife Oona and their five children. His is the simple life of an average man—in a \$200,000 villa (13 rooms) on the shores of Lake Geneva.

The New Pictures

Unchained (Hall Bartlett Productions, Inc.; Warner). Other recent prison pictures, notably Walter Wanger's *Riot in Cell Block 11*, have strikingly anatomized some of the degenerative diseases that afflict the U.S. penal system. *Unchained* is the first to suggest a practical cure—one that has been tried for more than 13 years, and found hearteningly successful.

Unchained is the story of California's Chino, one of the world's most progressive prisons, and a hypothetical inmate (Elroy Hirsch). Hirsch, a rancher, is sent to jail for beating a hired man he suspected of stealing. In jail he fights with guards, is thrown into solitary confinement. Still savagely resentful, he is transferred to Chino. Warden Kenyon Scudder (Chester Morris) explains the prison's policy of "minimum security": there are no guards, and a prisoner can jump the plain wire fence any time he likes. However, once he leaves, he can never return to Chino.

Chino, as Hirsch soon realizes, is not a bad place to be, all things considered. Prisoners are treated in every possible way like free men. Within limits they choose their own jobs. They sleep in pleasant dormitories and visit with their families every weekend on the prison picnic grounds. They get the best medical care, and psychotherapy if they need it. They are called mister. They go free as soon as a special parole board says they are ready.



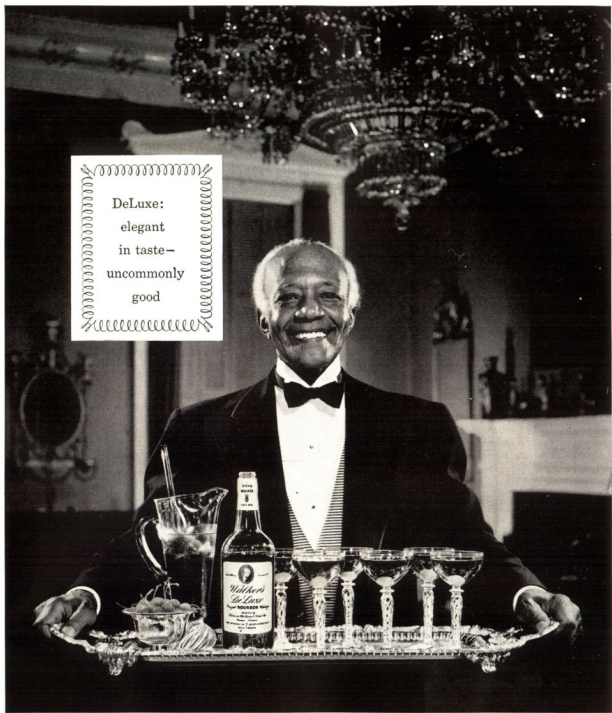
ELROY ("CRAZYLEGS") HIRSCH
Call him mister.

Despite all these advantages, Prisoner Hirsch is determined, like many another newcomer to Chino, to escape. The picture tells the story, in a modest and believable way, of how he painfully comes to take his punishment—and the truth about himself—like a man.

Unchained is full of good quiet performances. As the hero, Elroy ("Crazylegs") Hirsch, the professional football player (he played end for the Los Angeles Rams, retired last December) who made good in the movies with *Crazylegs*, is as sincere as a punch in the nose, and Chester Morris personifies a spirit of mercy tempered with justice.

Battle Cry (Warner) is a hard-breathing WarnerColor effort to cash in on Leon Uris' 1953 bestseller about U.S. Marines in World War II. For two hours and 25 minutes, Director Raoul Walsh relentlessly trails the going-to-war of a baby-faced squad of American stalwarts (Aldo Ray, Tab Hunter *et al.*), their curiosity dotting major (Van Heflin) and the inevitable Old Sarge (James Whitmore). Most of the boys get girls (Nancy Olson, Mona Freeman *et al.*), and Heflin & Co. finally straggle to glory on Saipan through the Warner Bros. shellbursts.

Hunters of the Deep (Allan Dowling; D.C.A.). Life, on the evidence of the fossils, first ventured out of the sea several hundred million years ago; only within recent history, in the form of man, has life dared to challenge the secrets of its terrible mother. Only within the last decade, with the perfection of the aqua-lung, has man moved about his ancient



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home like the fish he may once have been. The earliest films of life undersea, three of which have been widely released in the last two years, have a certain historic importance. It is impossible to sit through *Hunters of the Deep*, one of the most beautiful of these films, without being pierced by picture after picture to emotional depths of endless age.

Photographed for the most part among shallow reefs off California and Mexico, and in the Bahamas, *Hunters* has no story to tell, and makes little effort to zoologize. The camera is content to fish for beauty, and the catch is rich and strange.

¶ Sea lions with sad-princess eyes go flitting through the gold and violet depths, as light as swallows in a summer sunset; while under a red reef the huge sea elephants loll and preen themselves like odalisques in a sea god's harem; one of the beauties puckers up to kiss the camera, and the theater rocks as if it had been hit (as in fact it has) by a two-ton buss.

¶ Beds of luminous eelgrass blow in the liquid winds like mermaids' hair.

¶ A flounder's eyes pop out of its head and seem to walk around, as nervous and irritable as two monkeys on an organ-grinder's string.

¶ Mantas in vast flocks flap silently through pale and gloom, a nightmare vision as of witches on their way to the evil sabbath.

The last reel of the film is given to a fine piece of natural comedy. The movie-makers make pets of two giant groupers who lumber about the sea floor after them with the doggy devotion of submarine St. Bernards, begging with soulful looks for a handout. The color throughout is poetic and covers an amazing range. It is a pity that the commentary is bad Swinburne, and the musical score banal, like woozy echoes of Tchaikovsky in a conch.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Game of Love. First oats, as two French adolescents sow them; based on Colette's novel, *Le Blé en Herbe* (TIME, Jan. 23).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set — among the Renaissance remains of Venice. Verona, Siena; with Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate chorale on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like Mad Dogs and Englishmen: Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Gate of Hell. A Japanese legend of quaint war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge putting the torch to Bizet's babe, and Pearl Bailey hoarsing around in the wide-screen wings (TIME, Nov. 1).

In its February issue, *Fortune* reports on

The 5 brothers whose grandfather was John D.

What are they like, the 5 brothers who share the Rockefeller name their grandfather made synonymous with wealth and power the world over?

In its February issue, *Fortune* begins a 2-part report on this generation's most unusual brothers. Why is one the best known American in all Latin America? Which one has the business acumen of his grandfather? How has one become a vital force in the development of his adopted state, Arkansas? Of which is it said, "he's so earnest he brings out the best in you"? What has happened to the Rockefeller who spent 17 months as Mayor LaGuardia's secretary? Why do they put down their money as fourth in importance among their assets?

Their grandfather was told that he must distribute his wealth or it would crush him and his children's children. A labor leader refers to them as models of what a rich man's sons ought to be.

This is another article about men—and for men—who shape our tomorrows with the decisions they make today.

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Photo by Philippe Halsman,
courtesy of Collier's.



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WHAT CAUSED THE GREAT DEPRESSION?

What really happened in 1929 and can it happen again? An analysis of a cataclysm that paved the way for today's mass prosperity. This is the second key article in *Fortune's* twenty-fifth Anniversary series on the "American Breakthrough".

THE CONFIDENT 25-YEAR-OLDS—Here is a close look at 115 young executives, all of them born about 1930. What makes them so sure of their careers, so vague about politics?

THE CADILLAC PHENOMENON—How the Caddie dominates the luxury-car market with mass-merchandising of "symbol of achievement" prestige.

BETTER ALLOYS ON THE WAY—Metallurgy is about to create a bonanza for metal-hungry industries. A report of the previously unimagined alloys which are coming.

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THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

Just about everything comes in tin cans . . . and now America's steel mills, container manufacturers, and soft-drink companies team up to produce . . .

Soft Drinks that Put Sparkle in the Party

Awelcome guest in homes today is a familiar favorite in a new package. Across the land, soft drinks in tin cans put the sparkle in many a party.

The growing use of tin cans for containers is one of the newest advances in the soft-drink industry. Cans offer many advantages: They are easier to

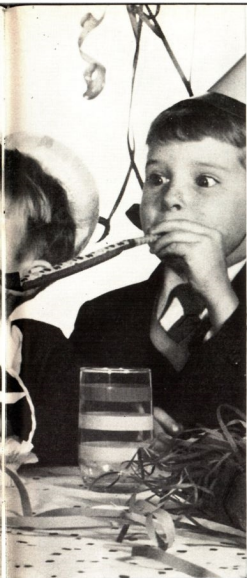
carry, to chill, to store, and finally to dispose of. And, because "tin cans" are actually about 99 per cent steel, they are unbreakable.

These advantages account for the production of an estimated 750 million soft-drink cans in 1954. Industry sources predict a tremendous increase over the next few years, for the tin can

as a container has many qualities demanded by consumer and canner alike.

Geiger Counters to Tennis Balls

Tin cans, of course, are not new. The first "tin canister" was patented by Peter Durand in 1810. A good tinsmith could construct about ten cans a day. Modern can-making machines now



turn out *hundreds a minute* in a glittering flood!

Many years of research and experiment have gone into designing cans for many thousands of products. Today everything—from pork and beans to beer, from whipping cream to shaving cream, from Geiger counters to tennis balls—comes in cans. The soft-drink can represents one of the latest mass production miracles made possible by American ingenuity . . . and *steel*.

Teamwork Creates a New Product

The development of soft-drink cans parallels that of the beer can in many respects. In a relatively few years the use of tin cans for beer has skyrocketed, so that last year about six and one-half *billion* beer cans were produced.

The current development of cans for soft drinks is an outgrowth of the suc-

cess in canning beer. However, the soft-drink can, though similar to the beer can, posed many new problems. Higher pressures and greater acidity called for special steels and different lining materials. And each of the 21 or more soft-drink flavors marketed today has different characteristics and container requirements.

The success of the soft-drink can resulted from the close teamwork of the steel mills, can manufacturers, and soft-drink companies in solving these many complex problems. Since 1950, when soft-drink cans first appeared in quantity on grocers' shelves, progress has been constant.

Steel in the Starring Role

National Steel, of course, is not in the soft-drink or can-manufacturing business. National's role is that of a leading supplier of hot dipped and electrolytic tin plate to the country's can manufacturers. National research and production men work closely with their customers to develop the precise kinds of steel and tin plate needed to produce the more than 35 billion tin cans made every year. Tin cans consume about four million tons or more of tin plate each year—and that means steel and lots of it.

It has been said that modern civilization could not exist without the tin can. Canning has made possible the wonders of exploration, it has proved a boon to the housewife, it has fed our troops on the battlefield, it has reduced food costs, and substantially raised our standard of living.

And canned soft drinks are just the newest example of the many modern products made possible by *steel*—America's great bargain metal.



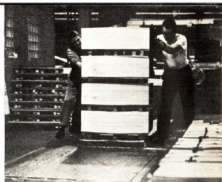
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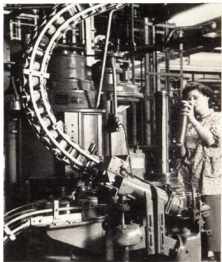
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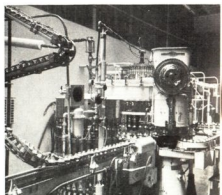
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Weirton Steel Company, a division of National Steel, is a leading producer of tin plate. Here sheets that have been cut from a giant 23,000-pound coil of tin plate are moved to the shipping department, where they will be packaged for delivery to a can manufacturer.



Automatic machinery makes possible the mass production of tin cans to meet the country's growing needs. Here, can bodies move at high speed along a modern conveyor line to the "bottom seamer," where the can bottom is securely fastened in place.



In the canning plant, too, automatic high-speed machinery makes possible the tremendous production that means more and better things for more Americans. This machine fills and closes the cans and moves them to the waiting shipping cases—all automatically.

BOOKS

Writing Women

The picture must have given many a page-flipper pause. Spread across two pages of the Paris weekly *Elle* were the faces of 70 women. At first glance they might have been graduates of the *Cordon Bleu* cookery school, characters in a police line-up, culture seekers at the Sorbonne, or simply guests at an unaccountably manless cocktail party. The truth was much more improbable. They were working novelists.

Once the role of women in French literature was limited to giving male writers something to write about, Madame de La Fayette (who in 1678 wrote the first French novel, *La Princesse de Clèves*), Madame de Staël, George Sand and a handful of other women did write, and very well, but they were exceptions. The greatest exception of all was Colette (1873-1954), one of the finest of all French stylists, whose women were always too good for men, but not good enough to do without them. In the path cleared by Colette, an army is now marching. Women mothered almost one out of every three novels appearing in France last year, and delivered more than half the year's crop of early (first or second) novels.

Flesh & the Devil. Since the war more women than men have won the prestigious *Prix Femina* (awarded by an all-woman jury), and more than 60 novels by women were thought to have enough merit to become candidates for the major literary awards. In a class by themselves are the prizewinning historical studies—51-year-old Marguerite Yourcenar's *Hadrian's Memoirs* (TIME, Nov. 29) and 38-year-old Zoë Oldenbourg's *The Cornerstone*

(TIME, Jan. 10). But, like Colette, few of the ladies write historicals or go to libraries for material. They supply their own, proving themselves much bolder practitioners of the *entre-les-draps* (between-the-sheets) school of literature than men.

Many of the books are written in the first person and carry with them the tang and immediacy of confessions. France's most successful novel last year was *Bonjour Tristesse* (Hello Sadness), which will be published in the U.S. this month. In one season its talented, 18-year-old author, Françoise Sagan, became a celebrity, and her book's haunting title became part of the French language. Author Sagan's lucid young heroine leads a freewheeling existence on the Riviera with her freewheeling father, until one of his mistresses tries to marry him. The girl's intrigues split the couple and lead to the older woman's suicide. The book ends where the beautiful young heroine's maturity begins: "Only, when I am in my bed, at dawn, with only the noise of cars in Paris, my memory sometimes betrays me: the summer returns and all its recollections. Anne, Anne! I repeat this name very low for a very long time in the dark. Then something rises within me that I greet by its name, my eyes closed: 'Bonjour Tristesse.'"

France's famed Roman Catholic novelist, François Mauriac, said the book was clearly written by the devil, and that did not harm its sales. He might have said the same of many other Frenchwomen's novels, notably 32-year-old Danielle Hunebelle's *Philippine*. The pretty young thing of 20 who tells the story manages to seduce a man of more than 50 after failing with his wife. "Had anyone objected," the heroine declares, that loving "leads to

hell, I would have replied that one wins one's soul in losing it."

The latest novel by 47-year-old Simone de Beauvoir, *Les Mandarins*, is now the sensation of Paris (an earlier de Beauvoir novel has just appeared in the U.S.—TIME, Feb. 7). In December *Les Mandarins* (roughly, The Intellectuals) won France's fattest literary prize, the Goncourt. Novelist Albert Camus and Author de Beauvoir's great and good friend, Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre, are thinly disguised principals. "These new Platos," one critic wrote, "talk slang like street cleaners, express themselves as sewer diggers no longer express themselves."

Love & Deepened Voices. Not all French women writers are as fiercely intellectual as Simone de Beauvoir or as sensationally sexy as the kiss-and-write girls. Louise de Vilmorin, 48, author of the brilliant little tragicomic gem, *Madame De* (TIME, Oct. 11), writes books that are always impeccably elegant, and 47-year-old Renée Massip's *La Régente* is a sensitive psychological study of an unhappy girl and a domineering mother. French women writers, as diverse in personality as in subject matter, range from glamorous Silvia Monfort, 30, whose *Droit Chemin* is about a professor who tries to command people as he commands ideas, to Danielle Roland, 38, the retiring wife of a physician, who wrote a moving fantasy (*L'Œuissier et le Sergent*) of a Milquetoast dreaming about strength.

Whatever their faults, the novels have astonishing qualities. If many French women writers happily strip in public, that may be because, as 23-year-old Novelist Elisabeth Trévol puts it: "We are afraid to write a woman's book, so we try to deepen our voices. We discover how easy and amusing it is to talk of things 'taboo.' That shamelessness is a



FRENCH WOMEN NOVELISTS

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bit forced." But the majority of the women novelists, even the beginners, are sure-handed craftswomen. The best of them do not trade on their femininity, want to be judged as writers. Says Dominique Aubier, a perceptive lady critic and novelist: "The book arrives alone . . . but it's signed. The first name is enough. The effect is magic . . . The critics think more of the sex than of the text. But [literature] is not the privilege of one sex, and the liberty or joy of living not a right of birth. We are taking it."

Just how creative French women writers can be was demonstrated by the 70 novelists in the *Elle* picture. While turning out 256 novels, they also bore 82 babies.

Bestseller Revisited

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD (409 pp.) — Hamilton Basso — Doubleday [\$3.95].

In *Point of No Return*, by J. P. Marquand, a successful New York banker was forced by a business complication to return to his New England home town for the first time in 19 years. So home he went, dipping back into his shingles and salt-spray origins, reassessing his whole adult life and redeeming his youthful dreams before fully waking up to the present.

In *The View from Pompey's Head*, by Hamilton Basso, a successful New York banker is forced by a legal complication to return to his Southern home town for the first time in 15 years. So home he goes, dipping back into his stucco and magnolia origins, reappraising his whole adult life, and raising the shades of youthful loves before finally drawing the shade upon his past.

Pompey's Head is not nearly as good a book as the 1949 Marquand novel it parallels, but it is one of the big hits of the literary season. The movies (20th Century-Fox) have paid a \$100,000 tribute to it, the Literary Guild is carrying it into hundreds of thousands of American living rooms, and for the sixth straight week it stands at the top of the fiction bestseller list.

Legal Knight. The opening situation is intriguing enough. Anson Page, the lawyer hero, is living quietly in Manhattan within an apartment too expensive and a wife too intelligent for his own good. He has finally worked up to a kind of wary chumminess with the senior partner of his law firm, and has almost domesticated his fear of failure (sometimes, though, the beast still growls dangerously from the chimney corner). This somewhat nervous idyll is broken by a man Anson Page has never even met—a great and aging American novelist called Garvin Wales, literary master of Southern sordidness. For years Wales has depended on a brilliant New York editor named Philip Greene, who served the novelist not only as friend but as a kind of Madison Avenue muse. Now that Greene is dead, the novelist's wife suddenly accuses Greene of having stolen \$20,000 of her husband's hard-earned royalties.

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seemingly fantastic accusation? A lawyer, of course. Which lawyer? Well—it happens that the great novelist and his dragon of a wife live on a small island near Anson Page's home town of Pompey's Head. That makes Page the obvious legal knight for the dangerous mission.

Lawyer Page sometimes thinks of his old home town as a former mistress—"a sunny-tempered, laughing girl who never wore a girdle." But as he re-explores the town's anatomy, the memory is proved wrong: a girdle is there, all right—all the stays and bones of Southern convention, the shoulder straps of prejudice, and only rarely the snapped garter of gaiety.

Almost Real. Meticulously. Novelist Basso examines the town's tribal customs, ancestor worship and social strata on the other side of the railroad tracks. New Orleans-born "Ham" Basso has done a thorough job of reconstruction. His town is like one of those skillfully done scale models seen in Christmas shop windows, of which people exclaim: "My, it almost looks real!" The trouble is that nothing very interesting or moving happens in the town. There is neither humor nor tragedy in Pompey's rather empty Head—not even a good hangover.

The hero as a young man is aimless and faceless, in love with an equally faceless, eminently boring girl, and finally driven to leave Pompey's Head for no convincing reason. The returning adult hero has a perfunctory fling with an old flame in the big brass bed in which he slept as a youngster: "And when at last he possessed her, in a wholeness of possession he had never known or dreamed, past and present came thundering together." But the thunder is hollow: not for a moment is even the most optimistic reader allowed to think that Lawyer Page will really stay in that Southern brass bed rather than return to his lawful innerspring up North.

The book often has the pleasant, ungilded quality of small-town gossip, is never bitter or doctrinaire about the South. It also manages to maintain a bit of suspense about the Wales-Greene mystery, though most of it gets lost in such a welter of flashbacks that even CinemaScope will have trouble straightening things out. The novel's outstanding quality is its cozy cousinship with a major American literary pattern—the novel of homecoming, of the haunting tie between small and big town. A few of the other cousins in this huge family, in addition to Marquand's book: Frank Norris' *McTeague*, Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady*, Glenway Wescott's *The Grandmothers*, Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*, and, more recently, John Brooks's *A Pride of Lions*. Perhaps no other literature is filled with so many revisited home towns as the American, and it may be because the emotional distance between Cardiff and London, or Lyon and Paris, seems nowhere near so great as that between Pompey's Head and New York.

Judging from such books, American writers are a homesick lot. Perhaps they ought to go home more often, but write about it less.

Meeting on the Moor

FLYING SAUCER FROM MARS (153 pp.)—Cedric Allingham—British Book Centre (\$2.75).

Simply sighting flying saucers is out of date—the big spin now is to spot them landing and to hobnob with their interplanetary passengers. Pioneer yarn-spinner among the neo-Münchhausen breed is George Adamski, a self-described Southern California "philosopher, student, teacher, saucer researcher" and former short-order cook who claimed (in last year's *Flying Saucers Have Landed*) that he stood beside a saucer on the California desert in November 1952 and



MARTIAN IN SCOTLAND
Will the Earth people declare war?

talked (telepathically) with a tanned, short visitor from Venus.

The book was followed by a rash of reports about tiny red Martians tumbling out beside an Italian farmhouse, a long-legged, long-haired spaceman chasing two Norwegian milkmaids across a field, and little green men landing in France wearing plastic helmets, orange corsets or Celophane wrappers. Now a 32-year-old British thriller-writer, amateur stargazer and bird watcher named Cedric Allingham reveals that he bumped into a six-foot Martian last Feb. 18 on a lonely Scottish moor not far from where the Loch Ness monster used to sport.

In *Flying Saucer from Mars* Author Allingham even prints photographs of the Martian, looking very like a crofter with galluses flapping, and (separately) of his saucer, which has circular portholes, three-ball landing gear and a shiny dome with a rod sticking up from it.

Birding Author. As Allingham tells it, he was out watching for rare birds that

afternoon when a 50-ft. saucer skimmed right past his camera to land beside him, and this tall fellow hopped out. The stranger, Allingham says, looked just like any North Briton except for a "forehead higher than that of any man I know." When Allingham sketched a sun with planets orbiting round it on a pad, he says, the visitor smiled and pointed to the fourth planet and then to his own space-suited figure. That clearly placed his home on Mars.

The Martian lost no time popping a political question. He wanted to know, says Allingham ("Needless to say I could not understand his words, but his gestures were clear enough"), whether the Earth people would start another war. Allingham says he was only able to shrug hopefully in reply. After indicating that he had visited both Venus and the Moon, says Allingham, the Martian also asked if Earthmen would soon reach the Moon. When Allingham nodded, the Martian's broad brow clouded up. "And who can blame them?" asks the author. "We have not yet proved ourselves fit to rule our own planet, let alone visit others and perhaps influence their affairs." Soon after, reports Allingham, the Martian popped back into his saucer and sped off to space.

Yearning Readers. England's eagerest astronauts, the slide-rule devotees of the British Interplanetary Society, hoot at the book's "scientific" label. Politely, they suggest that Author Allingham has a highly susceptible imagination or that somebody has elaborately hoaxed him. But Allingham, now undergoing lung treatment at a Swiss sanatorium, cares little if critics point out that saucer pictures have been faked in the past with lampshades, garbage-can covers and trapshooting targets tossed in the air. Such books as his apparently answer a deep and widespread yearning for marvels.

In the past year Adamski's *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, with its airy gabble of telepathy and levitation and its photographs of saucers, has sold 65,000 copies in the U.S. and 40,000 in England. Adamski saucer-fan clubs have sprung up across the land, and his readers are flocking to hear him talk of the heavenly spheres ("Let us welcome the men from the other worlds—they are here among us") and peer through his two telescopes. Allingham's new book is a worthy successor to *Flying Saucers Have Landed*.

Mixed Fiction

THE SELF-BETRAYED, by Joseph Wechsberg (301 pp.; Knopf; \$3.95). Czech-born Author Wechsberg often patrols the same prose beat as Tyrolean-born Ludwig Bemelmans; on it the major misadventures are underdone *Wiener Schnitzel* and overdone Central European whimsy. Wechsberg strays off his favorite beat in his second novel, a somber, loose-jointed documentary on the rise and fall of a big party wheel in Communist Czechoslovakia. Wechsberg's Communist hero-hel is named Bruno Stern, but his career closely parallels that of the late Rudolf Slansky, powerful, Moscow-trained secretary

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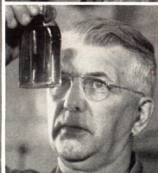
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general of the Czech Communist Party who was purged in a 1952 show trial. In explaining how Slansky-Stern went bad, Author-Journalist Wechsberg offers a somewhat oversimplified ugly-duckling theory. Bruno Stern's first experience of being unwanted is an east European pogrom in which his mother dies of a heart attack. He gets the back of society's hand again on his first day in school in a Czech mining town, when the class brutally shuns him as a new boy. Lonely, arrogant, Stern curls up with *Das Kapital*. When his father begs him to take an interest in the family department store, Stern tongue-lashes him about the exploitation of the workers. After that, the moves are inexorable and a little pat: Commie cell organizer, a training stint in Moscow, the Cominform, the return to Prague as the party's dreaded "Grey Eminence." He has a direct line to the Kremlin, until the line is ruthlessly twisted around his neck. For long stretches, Author Wechsberg takes his eyes off Slansky-Stern to sketch in personal memories of how the easygoing *Kafekatsch* world of his youth was laced into the straitjacket of Red tyranny. The book is good reporting. There is only one bone to pick with Wechsberg's theme—other and better novelists have already picked its bones.

CONSTANCE, by Hervé Bazin (216 pp.; Crown; \$3). French Author Bazin's novels (*Viper in the Fist*, *Head Against the Walls*) are as alive, cynical and human as the Paris Flea Market, but like that fascinating catchall, they end by suggesting that the props of life, and finally life itself, add up to a shabby bargain. In this work, Heroine Constance, hopelessly crippled in a World War II bombing, has no intention of divorcing herself from the world. Transformed from a good-looking, athletic girl into an object of pity, she determines to live through other people. Flip, shrewdly cynical and bossy, she helps care for a crippled child, tries to manipulate the thinking and affairs of a beautiful nymphomaniac, a black-marketeer, a Protestant minister. Aunt Mathilde, who earns a pathetic living for herself and Constance, is appalled. "A crippled child, and now, a whore! With your mania for rubbing up against humanity, you're apt to force almost anyone on us." Constance drives, insults and cracks the whip over her human menagerie. When her creatures eventually go their own ways, she has nothing left, not even God, "who gets all the credit for our good deeds, while we are credited only with the bad." By the time she dies, she has not accomplished much, but she has given her friends a jolt by exposing briefly their crimped personalities and petty goals. Author Bazin exhibits almost shockingly sharp insights into human nature and more sympathy for the human race than he has shown before. But he seems satisfied with a single tour through the market of humanity. Given the same characters and the same idea, Dostoevsky or Dickens would have turned them into a permanent exhibit of the human condition.

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Obit. In Dallas, the Dead Letter Department opened a misaddressed envelope, found inside a poignantly-worded message: "We're all well here—excepting Pa, and he caught the flu and died; but that's all right, because all he ever done was slop the hogs, anyhow."

Popularity. In Milwaukee, Gambler Dave Collier, questioned by police about being sluggish, said: "I just can't figure it out; I feel that I am very well liked."

Lost Generation. In Columbus, Ohio, the Rev. Dr. W. Frederick Miller complained to the Ohio Pastors' Convention about the lack of spiritual and musical preparation of most church choirs, commented: "I feel that off-key singing is dishonest."

Battle Tested. In Salt Lake City, Grocer Sam Shortino hired a relief clerk so that he could attend a meeting of the Butchers' and Grocers' Association, where he listened attentively as police warned of the danger of keeping loaded guns in stores, returned to find that his substitute had routed two robbers by firing at them with the pistol Shortino always kept in his store.

Unspoken Word. In Cleveland, Deaf-Mute Mrs. Edna Hopton won a divorce from her deaf-mute husband after she convinced Common Pleas Judge B. D. Nicola that "nagging in the sign language can be just as effective as spoken words."

Breath of Scandal. In Sumas, Wash., after Border Patrolmen Ralph Johnson and Verdun Hockett found 10 lbs. of garlic cloves in a pack being carried by Raymond Driscoll, 18, of British Columbia, Driscoll explained: "I want to go to California to find some friends; no one in Canada likes me because I like garlic."

Saturation Point. In Fresno, Calif., ex-Convict Manuel Eurich, 35, was sentenced to from 1 to 14 years in prison despite his plea that he had written worthless checks only after getting drunk in a bar while sitting out a thunderstorm when he was on his way to a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Specialists. In Philadelphia, raiding a city-operated health center, police found Custodian James Weathers and his wife Gladys selling whisky and beer to 16 dice-playing patrons in a doctor's conference room advertised on business cards as "Gladys and Jimmy's."

Rebate. In Tarbes, France, after a choking fit over a champagne and oyster luncheon, Mechanic Charles Pilon coughed up an oyster containing 28 pearls, immediately sold them to a jeweler at a nearby table for 50,000 francs (\$140), happily ordered another round of champagne for the assembled company.



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